Cambria Freeman.

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1872. THE AGE. 1872.

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THE AGE is the firm and earnest advocate of Democratic principles as declared by the founders of the Republic and embodied in its institutions. To defend and maintain them is its constant aim, and it is the persistent and vigilant advocate of reform, general and municipal. It has sought no alliance with any clique or class interests; it has been subject to no corrupt influences, but has labored, without fear or favor, for the general good.

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are respectfully solicited, and if we fail to render satisfaction, both as regards the quality of our goods and the prices asked for them, it will certainly be no fault of the new firm at the old stand of Shoemaker & Co., High street. Don't forget to call and we'll not forget to give you full value for your money.

YERS & LLOYD.

Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1871.-tf.

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All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 15, 1870.-tf.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, Centre street. [Jan.20.-tf.]

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You will miss it if you do not see our Catalogue before ordering Seeds.

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[INCORPORATED 1860.]

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No Knife. No Caustic Medicines. No Blood. Little Pain. For particulars, call on or address either of the above.

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A Book of 125 closely printed pages, lately issued, contains a list of the best American Advertising Medium, giving the names, circulations, and full particulars concerning the leading Daily and Weekly Political and Family Newspapers, together with all those having large circulations, published in the interest of Religion, Agriculture, Literature, &c. Every Advertiser, and every person who contemplates becoming such, will find this book of great value. Mailed free to any address on receipt of 25 cents. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Publishers, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

The Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Leader*, in its issue of May 29, 1870, says: "The firm of G. P. Rowell & Co., which issues this interesting and valuable book, is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business scientifically and systematically in such a way: that is, so as to secure the largest amount of publicity or the least expenditure of money."

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of BRIDGET FARRELL, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of BRIDGET FARRELL, late of Carroll township, been issued to the undersigned, all parties in any way indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

H. C. KIRKPATRICK, Adm'r.

Carroll Twp., Dec. 9, 1871.-6t.

WM. H. SECHLER, Ebensburg. | T. B. SCANLAN, Carrolltown.

SECHLER & SCANLAN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Advice given in English and German.

The Poet's Department.

THE BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

Well, no! My wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost her all the same;
She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.
It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree—
When you hear the circumstances—'twas rather rough on me.

She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at Malvern Hill;
And when I married her, she seemed to sorrow for him still;
But I brought her here to Kansas, and I never want to see
A better wife than Mary was, for five bright years, to me!

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a rosy glow
Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their snow.
I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think that of her, sir;
And as for me, I can't begin to tell how dearly I loved her;

Three years ago the baby came, our humble home to bless;
And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happiness.
'Twas hers—'twas mine—But I have no language to explain to you
How that little girl's weak fingers our heart's together drew!

Once, we watched it through a fever, and with each breath,
Dumb with awful wordless woe, we waited for its death;
And, though I'm not a pious man, our souls together there,
For Heaven to spare our darling, went up in voiceless prayer.

And when the doctor said 'twould live, our joy, what words could tell?
Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears together fell.
Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell across our little nest,
But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly welcome guest.

Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing,
Early and late you'd find me there a hammering and singing.
Love nerved my arm to labor and moved my tongue to song,
And though my singing wasn't sweet, it was almighty strong!

One day a one-armed soldier stopped to have me nail a shoe.
And, while I was at work, we passed a compliment or two,
I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 'twas shot away
At Malvern Hill. "At Malvern Hill! Did you know Robert May?"

"That's me!" said he. "You! you!" I gasped, choking with horrid doubt;
"If you're a man, just follow me; we'll try this mystery out!"
With dizzy steps I led him to Mary. God! 'twas true!
Then the bitterest pains of misery, unspeakable, I knew!

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone,
And from her quivering lips there broke one wild, despairing moan—
'Twas fate! The husband of her youth how risen from the dead,
But all too late—and with the bitter cry her senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead. On his return
He strove, in vain, some tidings of his absent wife to learn—
'Twas well that he was innocent! Else *I'd* have killed him, too,
So dead, he never would have riz till Gabriel's trumpet blew!

It was agreed that Mary, between us should decide,
And each by her decision would sacredly abide.
No sinner at the judgment seat, waiting eternal doom,
Could wait for what I did, while waiting sentence in this room.

Rigid and breathless, there we stood, with nerves as tense as steel,
While Mary's eyes sought each white face, in piteous appeal.
God! Could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled
Between her lawful husband and the father of her child?

Ah, how my heart was chilled to ice when she knelt down and said:
"Forgive me, John! He is my husband here! Alive! not dead!"
I raised her tenderly, and tried to tell her she was right,
But somehow, in my aching breast, the prisoned words stuck tight!

"But, John, I can't leave baby—" "What! wife and child!" cried I:
"Must I yield all? Ah, cruel! Better that I should die.
Think of the long, sad, lonely hours, waiting in gloom for me—
No wife to cheer me with her love—no babe to climb my knee!

"And yet—you are her mother, and the sacred mother love
Is still the purest, tenderest tie that Heaven ever wove.
Take her—but promise, Mary, for that will bring no shame—
My little girl shall bear, and learn to lisp, her father's name!"

* * * * * * * * *

It may be, in the life to come, I'll meet my child and wife,
But yonder, by my cottage gate, we parted for this life:
One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream of love was done!
One long embrace for baby, and my happiness was gone!

FRANK CLIVE.

—Buffalo Courier.

A "SNAKE" PHOTOGRAPH.—The Richmond correspondent of the Petersburg *Index* tells the following: A gentleman, a physician, resident near the Warm Springs, but now on a visit to this city, tells a remarkable snake story. All snake stories are remarkable, I know, but this is conspicuously so, because it is told by a truthful person, who is in the habit of gathering information from observation rather than the exaggerated rehearsal of others. The doctor was recently sent for to see a lady of his neighborhood who had been bitten on the ankle by a rattlesnake. When he reached the patient he found that her friends, adopting an old Indian remedy which had come down to this generation with the legendary lore of the neighborhood, had bound the wound, already much swollen and inflamed, with several folds of the inner lining (liber) of the bark of the sycamore tree. Willing to await the result of this experiment, and seeing, really, no chance for the application of a better and more orthodox remedy, our doctor allowed the lady to keep the bandage on, and in a few hours she was relieved from the pain and effects of the poison too, as she declared. Then it was removed. The wound presented a most favorable appearance, and the cure was pronounced complete. Now the most astonishing part remains to be told. On unfolding the bandage I have referred to, the exact outlines, the very photograph, aye, the perfect picture of the snake coiled ready for the spring, was impressed upon it. So perfect was the likeness, that if one had seen the bark bandage lying open on the road side he would have thought that a "rattler" had coiled upon it for one of his dreadful springs. The doctor saw this with his own eyes, and the remedy has been applied in similar cases in the country, with as happy effects. Now, wonderful as this story may appear, as I said before, there is every reason in the world for regarding it as true.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

THE DOUBLE DANGER.

Heroic Conduct of a Pioneer's Wife.

Among the earliest settlers of Woodstock, a beautiful town in the Green Mountain State, was a man by the name of Sloey, who had left his early home near the sea, and following the windings of the new Connecticut, had at last pitched on a place in the wilderness, where he erected his cabin, and then commenced an onslaught upon the giants of the forest that rear their heads in stately grandeur about him, but gave way beneath his relentless strokes, and in a couple of years he had quite an open space encircling his cabin. During this time he had lived alone, but when the second autumn came another journey was taken to the old home by the sea, and when he returned a young wife bore him company, to share with him the joys and privations incident to a pioneer.

Three years came and went, and the clearing had greatly enlarged its borders, although no arms but his labored within its bounds. The trees that at first came up to the cabin had now retreated to a respectable distance, and the ground they had once occupied was now usurped by flourishing crops that cheered the heart of the settler, and encouraged him to still greater exertion.

The three years spent in the forest by the young couple had been those of peace and contentment. A son was born to them at the commencement of the second year of their married life, and who was, at the time the adventure we are about to relate transpired, nearly two years old, and as bright a little fellow as ever cheered the hearts of parents, whose very life seemed bound up in that of their child.

The nearest neighbors of Sloey were more than three miles away through the forest, so that it was seldom they saw others than themselves. The settler was too much occupied with his work to pay much attention to making visits, and the distance was so great that it was not safe for his wife to go alone, as the forest swarmed with wild beasts, which rendered the night hideous with their cries.—Bears and panthers abounded, but the wolves were the most to be dreaded and proved the greatest annoyance; for often they would gather around the cabin at early dusk and keep up their horrid cries until the early gray of the dawn sent them howling into the dim aisles of the forest and up the dark ravines among the mountains, where shadows almost like those of night lurked all through the day.

One day late in October business called the settler to the nearest settlement of importance in that section, which chanced to be some eight miles distant; and he set out early in the morning, telling his wife she need not look for him till nightfall, as it was very uncertain what time he would be able to accomplish his business and it might be that he would not be at home until late in the night, but come he would before he slept, unless some unforeseen event interposed to prevent it. Bending over his child that was sleeping in the bed, he kissed it, and then having bestowed the same mark of affection upon his wife, he bade her be careful not to stir from the cabin or to allow the child to wander from her sight, for fear that some harm might come to them from the wild beasts. With this caution, which she promised readily to observe, he threw his rifle over his shoulder and took his way across the clearing, and his wife watched him from the doorway until the forest thicket hid her from his sight.

The morning had given promise of a beautiful day, which assurance was well kept until a little past meridian, when the wind changed to the eastward, and dark clouds began to obscure the sky to the south and east, giving strong indications that a storm was right at hand. Busy with her work and the care of her boy, Mrs. Sloey did not notice the approaching storm until nightfall, when the sudden darkness that seemed all at once to throw a deep gloom about the cabin reminded her that the night and storm were close at hand, and going to the doorway she gazed anxiously towards that point in the forest whence she expected to get the first sight of her husband.

Although her gaze was long and earnest, it was not rewarded by a glimpse of her husband; then with a look at the dark clouds that seemed to hem the little clearing in as if with a huge pall, she tried to calculate how long it would be before the rain would begin to fall, and to guess the distance her husband might be away, and the chance he had of reaching home before the storm.

Standing in the doorway the gloom seemed to her to deepen every moment, while the wind that had been sighing dismally in the forest died away, leaving everything almost as still as death.

The kettle singing on the hearth recalled her to the fact that she had commenced preparing supper, and turning away from the door, she approached the rude stone fire place, and paying due attention to what was cooking there she approached the bed upon which the boy was sleeping, and found the air of the fast deepening night appeared to strike him where he lay. Not caring to close the door, her husband's footsteps on his return, she bethought herself of a quilt that was in the loft, which she could spread upon the bed without disturbing her little son.

Listening for a moment to make sure no footsteps were approaching, she ascended the rude ladder, and felt her way along in the darkness—the loft was unprovided with windows—to the spot where she supposed the object of her search to be lying, but it was not there. Either she or her husband had moved it, and groping her way about in the gloom, she, after a few moments' delay, succeeded in finding it, and taking it on her arm, she approached the ladder and was about to descend when she caught sight of an object in the room that seemed to turn her blood to ice, and for a moment rendered her incapable of thought or action.

Standing in the centre of the room, with its head upturned, its fierce eyes glaring around in every direction, its long red tongue partly protruding from its half-open mouth, in which the white fangs were visible, was a huge, lank wolf, that despite the timidity of its race, had ventured in through the open door in search of food, attracted by the odor of the meat that was cooking on the fire, as it had been prowling about the cabin, as was frequently the case at this season of the year.

For a minute, Mrs. Sloey was so paralyzed with horror that for her life or her child's she could not have moved or uttered a word, and the wolf also remained stationary, snuffing the air, and then moved cautiously towards the fire, to the momentary relief of the mother, as she saw that he was farther from the bed upon which her boy was sleeping, yet whom it seemed as if no power on earth could save.

Slowly and shyly the wolf approached the fire, sniffling the air as it did so, but not fancying the strong light thrown out by the embers, or the heat that as it approached became rather uncomfortable; and as the monster would dart back a new pang of horror would assail the heart of the mother, who, with feelings that cannot be described, was watching any motion on which depended the life of her child.

Suddenly one of those wild fitful gusts of wind that sometimes precede a storm, came whirling into the cabin, sending the light sparks up the chimney, and scattering them about the room, to the visible terror and disgust of the wolf, who slided toward the door, and just as Mrs. Sloey was experiencing a delightful hope that the monster would go away, the fierce gust slammed the door to with a loud bang, and the heart of the mother sank within her as she saw that the wolf was a prisoner within the cabin.

Horror stricken at the situation of affairs, Mrs. Sloey watched, with a sinking heart, the movements of the wolf, who, finding himself thus caged, began to move anxiously about the room, no longer seeking so much for food as for a chance to escape; but at this moment, what was the horror of the mother to see her boy, awakened, no doubt by the noise made by the slamming of the door, rise up in bed and call her to come to him.

At the sound of the child's voice, the wolf paused near the centre of the room, and fixed its eyes upon the little fellow, who, all unconscious of danger, was calling for his mother. The red tongue still protruded, and the white teeth glistened in the fire-light, as the monster, half fearing to spring, crept nearer the bed to take a better look at his prey.

Half frenzied with the terrible danger of her child, the mother determined to sacrifice her own life, if need be, for that of her boy. A plan had suggested itself to her, a mere hope as it were, and she grasped it with all the eagerness that only those so situated can know.

Unfolding the quilt and laying it across her arm she prepared to deseend the ladder. The wolf was almost at its foot, and the bed but a short distance away. The monster saw her coming, and withdrew his gaze from the child, and fixed it upon his new victim.

When half way down the ladder, the wolf made a spring at her; this was the moment for her to execute her hastily-formed plan, and throwing the quilt, she enveloped the wolf in its folds, who, not fancying this covering, commenced backing towards her striving to get rid of it, but in vain. Now was her moment for action and springing to the bed, she clasped her child in her arms, and sprang up the ladder, unharmed by the wolf, who was struggling in vain endeavors to rid itself from the quilt. With one hand she threw the ladder back into the room, and then a cry of thankfulness fell from her lips at the success that had attended her efforts to save her child.

The boy, not knowing the meaning of this behavior on the part of his mother, and somewhat frightened withal, began to cry; and while she tried to hush him in silence again she did not take her eyes from off the wolf, who, completely blindfolded, was spinning about the room in the most eccentric manner.

It was more by its subsequent action than the fortunate throwing of the quilt by Mrs. Sloey that the wolf became so hopelessly entangled in it. At first she watched its actions with satisfaction as each circle brought a possession of her the fire a wolf it blunder therein, as he seemed fated to do, would not the cabin be set on fire thereby and a death as horrible as the one from which she had just rescued her child be their fate? Trembling with fear she watched every motion, and at last that which she had feared occurred.

Each circle, as the wolf had frantically endeavored to free itself from the covering, had brought it nearer to the fireplace, under the mass of glowing embers. A howl of rage and pain followed as it sprang out again upon the floor, its covering a sheet of fire. Another bound and it landed upon the bed, where by a frantic effort it threw off its fiery cover, and uttering yelps of pain it sprang again to the floor and rushed around the room for a chance to escape.

The bed was all afire in a moment, and Mrs. Sloey uttered a cry of despair as the flames caught in every direction and a dense volume of smoke rolled up through the aperture in the loft.

"Father in heaven, must we perish!" exclaimed the mother, as she pressed her child to her breast, "Husband! husband! why do you not come and save your wife and child from this horrible fate?"

No answer to this frantic ejaculation came to the ear of the distracted woman save the crackling of the flames as they caught upon the dry wood of the cabin, and sent their forked tongues up to the spot where she stood, while her ears were filled with the sharp cry of the wolf as it ranged round and round in its vain endeavors to escape, while ever and anon the flames would catch upon the fur, where it was already scorched in its first contact with the fire, causing it to utter a howl of agony.

Although death stared her in the face, Mrs. Sloey was not a woman to give up so long as there was a chance of life left to her. As we have already said, there was no windows in the loft, so that every avenue of escape was denied her. The roof was covered with hewn plank, fastened to the ridge pole and the top log of the sides by means of stout wooden pins. To remove one or more of these was her only chance of escape, but to do this with her own unaided hands seemed to be impossible. Half choked with smoke and her child clinging to her and crying with all its power, she felt about her to find some instrument to aid her in the accomplishment of her purpose, but all she could find was a stout stick of wood that her husband had placed there to season for an axe helve. Inserting this with all her strength between the log and one of the planks, she essayed with all her strength to raise it from its place, but without success. Finding this immovable, she tried another with like success.

Hotter and more stifling grew the air about her, louder crackled the flames below, and fiercer became the cries of the wolf, while the cries of her child rang above all, and rendered her well nigh desperate. Hope was fast leaving her. But one more plank remained untried, and she had gone the length of the front side of the cabin. With the energy born of despair, she inserted the stick, and pried upward with all her strength, and to her great joy it moved slowly, and the welcome fresh air of heaven came pouring in upon her.

Inspired by hope, she attempted to start another one by its side, but, with all her strength, she found it impossible, and yet the aperture was not large enough to admit her passing through and again the pangs of despair seized hold upon her.

The heat was becoming terrible, and the opening she had made in the roof seemed only an outlet for the smoke, which, as it poured out, well nigh stifled her. Clasping her child, she thrust him through the opening and holding him on the roof for a moment, she was about to let him slide to the ground, at the risk of dashing the life from his body, when the sound of rapid footsteps were heard and the next moment the well-known voice of her husband sounded like music in her ears, as he came across the clearing, and by the light of the flames that had begun to break out in several places, saw the child and the head of his wife on the roof.

"Quick, husband, for the love of God!" shouted the mother, as she still retained a hold upon her child. And in hardly more time than it takes to tell it, he was upon the roof, and with his strong arms had torn up another plank, and sprang to the ground with his child, and in a moment more his wife was by his side, with a heart overflowing with joy at their escape.

The cabin was burned to the ground with all its contents, including the wolf, the author of all the mischief. A new one was erected, and therein, in after years, the story we have narrated was rehearsed to those that claimed their hospitality.

BELLY FOR HANNAH!—"I was told to ask you, Hannah, whether it was really true that you are engaged to be married to the deacon's son, young Timothy Upham? I said I'd ask you the very next time I see you. I told Jerusha that I didn't know whether it was true or not. What shall I say to her when I see her?"

"You tell Jerusha," was the Yankee the handsome, but did ask Hannah, and daresn't told you it was none of your business whether it was true or not."

HORACE GREELEY wrote: "Women now manage most of the public libraries in Massachusetts," and the compositor read it: "Women now worry most of their public babies by mastication."

Laughable Newspaper Blunders

The amusement afforded by ludicrous typographical errors will be inexhaustible while printers are fallible and editors write with abominable indifference to legibility. One of the most astonishing blunders of this kind was committed some years ago in an editorial in the *Bulletin*. The writer, who had cautioned his readers against "casting their pearls before swine," was amazed and grieved to perceive that the compositor had warned the public against "carting their pills before sunrise." This was corrected in the proof; but the reporter who declared of a new store that it had "sixty fancy windows," was even more indignant than the storekeeper when he saw in his paper the statement that the establishment contained "sixty faded widows." And then there was the poet, in Muncy, who sought to soothe the wounded feelings of a bereaved family by publishing in the local paper a poetical tribute to the deceased daughter, Emily, in which he declared that "we will hallow her grave with our tears." He was pursued next morning by Emily's exasperated brother, because the printers insisted that "we will harrow her grave with our steers."

The poets suffer most deeply. Nothing could be worse, for instance, than the misery of the bard who asserted, in his copy, that he "kissed her under the silent stare," only to find that the compositor compelled him to "kick her under the cellar stairs." A certain Jenkins, also, was the victim of an aggravated assault, because when, in his report of a wedding, he declared that "the bride was accompanied to the altar by *eight* bridesmaids," the types made it that "the bride was accompanied to the altar by *tight* brides maids." These things are peculiarly unpleasant when they occur in remarks upon death; as in the case of the editor, who, while writing a sympathetic paragraph, observed that "Mr. Smith could hardly bear the loss of his wife," only to find that the printer had made it—"Mr. Smith could hardly bear such a boss for a wife."

Even more deplorable is the injury done to the journalist who complimented a certain candidate with the observation that he was "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State." Imagine the indignation of the candidate and the horror of the editor, when the paper the next day contained the assertion that the said burgher was "a nobby old burglar prowling around in a naked state."

But the printers do not make all the mistakes. We remember the laughter and comments provoked by the statements of a reporter, who called the attention of the constable to the fact that "on Sunday last some twenty or thirty men *collected in the hollow back of Thomas McGinnis*, and engaged in fighting during the whole morning." Mr. McGinnis' back must have been uncommonly large.

During the Franco-Prussian war a great deal of fun was poked at the New Jersey editor who read in the cable dispatches that "Bazaine has moved twenty kilometres out of Metz." He thereupon sat down and wrote an editorial, in which he said he was delighted to hear that all the kilometres had been removed, and that the innocent people of Metz were no longer endangered by the presence of those devilish engines of war—sleeping upon a volcano, as it were. And then he went on to describe some experiments made with kilometres in the Crimea, in which one of them exploded and blew a frigate out of the water.

Another editor clipped from an exchange an obituary poem, which he sent to the composing room with some introductory remarks. He said: "We publish below a very touching production from the pen of Miss M——. It was written by her at the death-bed of her sainted mother, and it overflows with those expressions of filial affection which are the natural outgrowth of a pure, untutored genius that has developed beneath the sheltering influences of a mother's love. The reader will observe how each line glows with ardent affection and tenderest regret."

Somehow, in attaching the introduction to the poem, the editor turned up the wrong side of the clipping, and the consequence was that the editor's lines led the reader gently into an article upon "Hog Cholera in Tennessee." It was rumored that the relatives of Miss M—— were seen prowling around the office the next day, armed with shot-guns, but this has not been traced to any reliable authority. —*Phila. Bulletin.*

FILIAL AFFECTION.—Two cases of filial affection have recently been communicated to us, so touching, so true to nature, that we record them:

A youth of seventeen, meeting an acquaintance in the street, says:

"Guess who's dead."

"Mr. Jones, I suppose——was very sick."——, its my ma! She popped off this morning!"

The other:

A countryman called at a hardware store and asked for a new kind of reaping machine, recently introduced. He was requested to walk back into another part of the store and it would be shown to him. As he was going along he saw a huge circular saw, and tapping it with his hand, he remarked:

"I had an old daddy ripped in two with one of them things the other day."

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Saturday Morning, : : Jan. 20, 1872.

A JOINT RESOLUTION has passed both branches of the Legislature fixing Thursday, March 28th, as the time for the *final* adjournment of that body.

THE renular annual meeting of the PA. Editorial Association will convene in the State Capitol, Harrisburg, at 11 o'clock, a. m., on Thursday next.

HON. THOMAS NICHOLSON died at his home in Frankfort Springs, Beaver county, on last Sunday. He had been a member of the Legislature at different times, and since 1845 held the position of cashier of the State Treasury at intervals and under different republican administrations. He was last appointed in May, 1871, but resigned his office last fall owing to his declining health. As a member of the House he was known as the "watch dog" of the Treasury, and resisted everything like extravagance in public expenditure with all the energy of his stubborn and impulsive nature. His integrity both in public and private life was above all suspicion.

ONE of the most gratifying political results of the new year, is the defeat of James Harlan for re-election to the United States Senate by the radical Legislature of Iowa. Harlan is the type of a large number of men in Congress who, on a salary of $5,000 per year, have suddenly leaped from poverty into affluence. "Brother Harlan," as he is familiarly styled, was himself very poor when he first came to Washington a few years ago, but is now a very wealthy man. Charges of a most damaging nature have repeatedly been made against his official integrity by his own party friends, and his failure successfully to contradict them has sent him politically, to use the language of the late lamented James Fisk, "where the woodbine twineth." He was the willing apologist in the Senate for all the corrupt jobs of the administration, and even undertook in a prepared speech to defend the San Domingo swindle when honest Senators shrank from its foul embrace. His successor, Wm. B. Allison, is of course a republican—a former member of Congress—but whose character for integrity is as much higher than that of Harlan, as Lyman Trumbull's is above that of Jim Nye.

LUTHER GREEN, the democratic member of Assembly from Warren county, who was so unceremoniously and unjustly excluded from his seat by the unanimous vote of the radical majority, had his petition presented to the House last week contesting the right of William H. Shortt, the admitted member, to his seat. The petition is signed by *thirty-four* qualified electors of Warren county, *five* of whom make oath, as required by law, that the facts set forth in the petition are true to the best of their knowledge and belief. It appears from the petition, that there was no second meeting of the Return Judges, as we supposed there had been, but that between the meeting of the Judges on the Friday after the election and the assembling of the Legislature, Shortt, the defeated candidate, prepared a certificate in his own favor, and by making a personal visit to the residence of each one of the Return Judges, succeeded in obtaining to it the signatures of *thirteen* out of the *twenty-five* members of the board who had already signed the certificate in favor of Green. It was on such a trumped up and worthless paper as this that the legal certificate held by Green was treated with supreme contempt by the radical Degberrys of the House, and Warren county was swindled out of her honestly elected representative. The whole contest turns upon the question of how many votes were polled in *one* township, called Deerfield, a fact which is very easily ascertained. If Mr. Green's case is fairly presented to the committee, as we have no doubt it will be, but one result can follow and that will be a unanimous reversal of the vote by which he was wrongfully denied his seat.

WE have often been told by those whose opportunities for knowing the truth whereof they affirm are not to be questioned, that the ways of William M Randall, a democratic member of the State Senate from Schuylkill county, are decidedly dark. If there has heretofore existed any reasonable doubt on the subject, he succeeded in dispelling it last week by his own deliberate act. When Charles R. Buckalew voted for and elected Mr. Rutan (radical) Speaker of the Senate, in order to effect an organization of that body and thus hasten the appointment of the different standing committees, he stated in open session that he so voted under instructions from his democratic colleagues, but at the same time gave notice that they would make no further concessions in regard to the other officers of the Senate. A few days afterwards, when several ineffectual ballots had taken place between the candidates for Chief Clerk—Hammersly, radical, and Ziegler, democrat—Randall to the utter astonishment of the other democratic Senators, rose in his place and announced that considerations of public interest impelled him to vote for Hammersly, which he did and elected him. He was prudent enough, however, to preface his defection with the declaration, that his vote for Hammersly was cast without any consultation with or authority from his colleagues, whereupon, Harrisburg *Patriot* expresses the had consented to the downfall Senators morsly, which it says they never would do, they would have delegated some *other* Senator than William M. Randal to carry out their purpose. The whole thing was evidently a set up job between the veteran rooster from Philadelphia and the sprightly young game cock from Schuylkill, and affords another illustration of the truth of the adage, that "birds of a feather will flock together."

Geary and Evans.

The most remarkable feature in the message of Governor Geary is his elaborate defense of the swindle of the State Treasury so successfully perpetrated by the notorious George O. Evans. Our readers are sufficiently familiar with the facts connected with the case and we will not here repeat them. The Attorney General of the State, F. C. Brewster, determined not to be outdone by Geary in his vindication of outraged innocence, has also prostituted his office in a labored attempt in his annual report to show that Evans faithfully discharged his duty as the agent of the State, and that he is not a debtor to the commonwealth. The people of the State regard the transaction, from its inception to its close, in a very different light, and look upon George O. Evans, even upon his own showing of his own case, as a cool, calculating, impudent embezzler of the public funds. This is their deliberate judgment, and all the sophistry of Geary and all the special pleading of his Attorney General cannot alter or change it.

It is a humiliating spectacle to see the Executive of the State degrading his high office, by appearing in an official document as the advocate of a man who has wilfully and corruptly betrayed a public trust, and condoning his offense. It presents the anomalous case of the Attorney for the Commonwealth appearing as counsel for the defendant in a criminal prosecution. Why does John W. Geary manifest such an interest and such unbecoming zeal in behalf of George O. Evans, who, in the estimation of nine-tenths of the balance of the community, is a scoundrel? Why is Gov. Geary so solicitous to make it appear that Evans has done nothing wrong, and that he is more sinned against than sinning? His guilt or innocence is a question to be determined by a court and jury, and is not to be decided by the mere *ipse dixit* of a blundering and incompetent Executive.

It has often been insinuated in certain quarters that Geary himself participated in the plunder, but, be that as it may, it is quite certain that his course in reference to the whole disgraceful affair, and especially his volunteer defence of Evans in his message, has naturally given rise to the most grave suspicions. The question of the guilt or innocence of Evans has been brought to the notice of the Legislature and a joint committee has been appointed to investigate his conduct. It is a rich mine, if it is only diligently and thoroughly worked by the committee; and it remains to be seen whether they cannot remove the *whitewash* with which Geary and Brewster have attempted to conceal and cover up the fraud. That the large portion of the $291,000 withheld by Evans from the Treasury, found its way into the pockets of other parties who aided and abetted him in his fraudulent work, does not admit of any doubt, because Evans is not now regarded as a wealthy man in Philadelphia, where he resides. It is therefore to be hoped that his guilty accomplices will be unearthed and exposed to the public gaze. In connection with this subject, we publish in another column a scathing article from the Pittsburgh *Gazette*, the leading organ of radicalism in Western Pennsylvania.

EX-GOVERNOR JOSEPH E. BROWN, of Georgia, acted a very conspicuous part in the Chicago convention as a friend of General Grant and in no small degree aided in bringing about his nomination. A short time ago an unprincipled carpet-bagger addressed a letter to him, soliciting his aid in procuring a declaration of martial law in that State and by the use of the bayonet securing her electoral vote to Grant in the coming Presidential contest. From Ex-Gov. Brown's reply to this pimp of the administration, he is evidently disgusted with the vindictive legislation of Congress towards the South and regards the radical policy of reconstruction as an ignominious failure. Being a native of the South, he is a competent judge of what is required to restore peace and harmony among her people, and repudiates Grant's bayonet policy as applied to the Southern States in the following manly and emphatic language:

> The Republican party has been constantly weakened until it is almost destroyed in Georgia by the repeated acts of Congress during the period of reconstruction, prompted no doubt by unwise counsellors professing to speak for the State, who either misunderstood the true condition of things here or wilfully misrepresented it. In either case the effect was the same. Congress has been misled and popular sentiment here has been outraged to an extent that has rendered it impossible for the supporters of the administration to stand before it with any prospect of success. I think it is time unwise legislation should cease, and I protest against further enactments of the character contemplated by you and others who assist you in your proposed movement. The wisest thing, in my judgment, that Congress could do for Georgia would be to conciliate her people and show them that it is the intention to deal justly and liberally by them. If a general act was passed sweeping from the statute book the last vestige of political disability that rests upon any of her citizens, and she were left as other States are to manage her own internal affairs in her own way, it would do more to restore peace, harmony, loyalty, and good government in the State than anything else that is now in the power of the Federal government to do.

THE Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: Now that Fisk is dead, there is no excuse for the publication of his love letters. The correspondence of such a man with such a woman, based, as it is, upon the grossest violations of all his marital obligations, might have been needed in a court of justice had the outraged wife sought redress, or had it contained the evidence essential to an exposition of the Erie frauds. But it becomes public for neither of these purposes. It is printed only to cater to the lowest cravings of New York vulgarity and curiosity. It is spread as a carrion feast to glut the appetite of the moral ghoul's who delight to feed on whatever is disgusting, immoral or indecent.—The author of these letters has died a violent death. The press of the civilized world has crimes which on its solemn testimony to the gone to answer for the[illegible], and he has Assize where Infinite Justice sits. Great These miserable proofs of his relation to his paramour were not needed to serve any honest or good end, and they should have been buried with their author. The courts did not need them, and the public not only had no right to them, but is only injured by their publication.

Letter from Ireland--No. 9.

[Correspondence of Cambria Freeman]

TEMPLEMORE, IRELAND, Jan. 2, 1872.

DEAR MAC—As soon as my fair companions and myself fixed ourselves, after our smash-up, we set out again on our way to Portroe. This time Marion took the ribbons, which gave me a good opportunity for admiring the scenery and conversing with Maud, with an occasional word to Georgina.—Poets have sung of the beauties of the Rhine and the Alps, artists have sketched some of our bold, beautiful American landscapes, but I candidly say that the almost enchanting scene which presents itself all along the Lochtea road, equals, if not surpasses, anything of the kind in Europe or America. The road curves round the base of a high heather-clad hill, making an incline of above three hundred feet till it reaches the water's edge. Spread out before you, for miles, is the expansive, beautiful, lovely Loch Derg, with its numerous little islands; opposite is the old town of Scariff with its smiling bay; away in the distance rises up the "Holy Island" of Inniscaltra, with its seven churches and Round Tower so full of traditional and legendary lore; while farther on looms up the iron-bound shore of Galway—the whole forming a scenic tableau that would have delighted the most eminent landscape painter. After passing wooded Castle Lough on our left, we soon came to the foot of a huge hill called Enocanmucha, but before our "hoss" could ascend it we were forced to alight from the car. When we reached the top we were nearly out of breath, and meeting a good-natured farmer who asked us in to rest ourselves, we gladly accepted his invitation. I could read wit and drollery in his eye, so I got into conversation with him. After chatting about the weather, "the state of the country," etc., I drew him out about the landlords. Said he, "They are bad by nature, but sometimes good through fear." I asked him if there were many *absentee* landlords in his neighborhood. Said he, "God bless you, sir, this place is *full of them*." This I considered a little scintilla from wit's anvil, and felt sorry I could not stay long enough to have him indulge in his rich vein of wit and humor, for I learned afterwards that he was a "born genius." After taking leave of "Arch," we set out again and in a few minutes after we were on

PORTROE HILL

which commands a rich, varied and diversified view. From it one can see parts of five counties, the Devil's-Bit mountain, Slievena-mon and Knockshegowna. Descending this big hill, we entered Portroe town, and as Marion was acquainted here she said we should stay off to see some friends. She introduced me to the Misses Jennie and Emma De Burgo, two most accomplished and fascinating young ladies. Jennie left nothing undone to accord us a hearty reception.—After dinner the whole of us set out to see the slate quarries, about a mile from the town. They employ about three hundred hands. I was anxious to see all I could of them, so I went to the obliging and intelligent manager, Mr. D. Mannix, who gave me all the information I needed. I was not satisfied till I would go down to the bottom, where the most of the men were engaged in the various processes of blasting, cutting and chiseling. Marion screamed, Emma entreated, Maud pouted, not to have me "go down" unless I went away round to the place where the men went in, but I could not be deterred; so, at my request, I was lowered down in a wagon a distance of nearly three hundred feet. When I got out of the wagon a broad-chested Tip said that I must have mighty courage to come down that way. He ceased his work and came along with me to show me how they cut the slates, stones, etc. The slates taken out of this quarry are considered the best in Ireland. After seeing all I wanted I found myself, like the goat in the pit, not able to get to the top. Scrambling up a rocky ledge, then creeping round a tortuous path, I, after a knee-smashing ascent, made my way to the top. Looking round, I found I was far away from the point where I descended; so after a long search I discovered the fair ones, who were anxiously watching for me. We then returned to Portroe, where we were all wined and feasted by the hospitable, good-natured Mrs. De Burgo. I thought to proceed on my journey that evening, but neither Mrs. D. or her amiable daughters would hear to it, so we had another evening similar to the one described in my last. Jennie, with her bright blue eyes, sweet, tempting mouth, and her noble, frank, honest countenance, made me forget the Derry and other heart-killing charmers, and, friend Mac, between you and me, and *nobody else*, I have a big notion of invoking Hymen; but if she does not consent to cross the Atlantic with me, you will "know how it is yourself" with "Erionach." The fair and handsome Emma seemed possessed of a lofty, noble mind, and yet she was as innocent as a child of the world's craft and chicanery. It was a long time before I could get her into a conversation with me, but when I did she convinced me by her clear, candid, conclusive arguments that her mind was like a rich, rare repository, replete with all that was pure, ennobling, modest and virtuous. Jennie displayed her vocal and musical ability by playing and singing

> "High upon the gallows tree
> Swung the noble-hearted three,
> By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their doom;
> But they met him face to face,
> With the courage of their race,
> And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
> 'God save Ireland!' said the martyrs;
> 'God save Ireland!' say we all;
> Whether on the scaffold high,
> Or the battle-field we die,
> Oh, what matter, when for Ireland dear we fall?"

I would like to give this national anthem of Ireland in full, but space forbids. It is a noble tribute to the memory of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, the Manchester martyrs, who were *murdered* by the English government, for their love of Ireland, in November, 1867. After spending a right jolly time of it, we all retired to rest, but sleep I could not woo. As I lay restless on my pillow, I saw the full-faced moon rise over the Galway hills, reflecting its silvery beams on Loch Derg's unruffled bosom. It was soon dimmed by dark, ominous clouds, but again did old Luna dart her horns through the dark, cloudy mantles, and pulled herself past them, to shine out with renewed lustre. Such, thought I, is a picture of life, and of myself in particular, for here I am trying to cast love's rays around Jennie's path, in hopes that she may guide me through life's firmament, but if some dark rival eclipses my happiness, then my future will be only a dreary, dismal chaos.

Next day we all strolled down to Garry-Kennedy, to see the remains of the old castle which stands like a remnant of departed glory, near the river side. We could see distinctly at the opposite side of the river the towns of Whitegalt and Mount Shannon-Daly, and, in the distance, Woodford. In this last named place are held annually some lively sporting races. If time and space would permit, I would like to say more [illegible] those quaint old towns.

I was forced to pur.came soon after, when Marion and the other sprigs...dear cousin perhaps never again to see them; but, Mac, if you promise me to keep this as a secret, I tell you that Jennie and I will yet visit you (if we all live) in Ebensburg.

The drive from Portroe to

NENAGH

is only six miles. As it was late in the evening when I entered it, I made for O'Meara's comfortable hotel, on Castle street, where I put up for the night. Nenagh is a pretty, nicely laid out town. In Castle and Barrack streets there are some very fine business and private houses. Going up Peter street, I entered the large and costly Court House, on whose bench sat thirteen magistrates in whose veins coursed the black, brutal blood of the Cromewellian settlers. Such names as Poe, Head, Going, Finch, Gabbet, &c., do not sound like Celtic names, and yet those were the kind of names these just-asses bore who were at the time trying two young Irishmen for publicly singing, "O'Donnell Abu." This, you will say is a queer country, when a young man is arrested and fined for singing or saying anything national, lest it may inspire them with a love for their persecuted country. Near the Court House is a large gaol over whose thick stone wall is the fatal, ghostly gallows. From this fatal "drop" swung the brothers M'Cormack, who were hung for a crime they never committed. One jury disagreed, but the perjured judge, "So-help-me-God" Keogh, empannelled another jury and told them to the effect that they should bring in a verdict of "Guilty," which they did. Since that time Keogh, or as some call, Billy the Butcher, dare not put in an appearance in this country, as he would be sure to get a *leaden* reception. In this town are published the *Tory Gridiron* and *Fenian Avalanche*. The latter is run by as uncompromising and sterling a patriot as lives in this country—PETER E. GILL—whose acquaintance I was happy and fortunate in making. Gill, who is known to some as General, never loses a chance in or outside of his paper, to show up in bold, fearless, scathing language, the plunder, perfidy, injustice and inhumanity practiced towards this country by a hell-spawned crew, miscalled the government. Gill has earned the undying enmity of some for the manly stand he takes in politics, but he can afford to smile with contempt on such pliant sycophants, as he has the good wishes and hearty support of the frieze-coated farmer, the hard-fisted mechanic, and of all others who would wish to see their country governed by the hand of justice.

I intended to describe as far as Thurles in this letter, but I find I can't. I trust my letters reach you regularly. In about six or eight weeks more I will be thinking of taking a trip across the ocean, where I trust I will find you all well, girding your loins and bracing up your nerves to be ready to fight, with success, the next Presidential campaign. Yours, dear Mac, very truly,

ERIONACH.

OBITUARY.

Rt. Rev. John McGill, of Richmond, Va.

His grace the Right Reverend John McGill, Roman Catholic bishop of Richmond, Va., died in that city on Sunday last. He expired at his residence, on Grace street.

Bishop McGill was a distinguished American prelate, who administered the hierarchical and priestly affairs of a diocese which comprised all Western Virginia and the valley formed by the Allegheny and Blue Ridge Mountains, extending as far as Monroe county, in West Virginia. He was carried off by cancer of the stomach, from which he had been confined to his bed for the past nine weeks. This well-know divine, by the amiability of his temper and manner, won the esteem of all the other religious sects in Virginia as well as that of all the members of his own. Bishop McGill was born in Philadelphia on the 4th of November, 1809.—While he was yet very young his parents removed to Bardstown, Kentucky. In his youth he studied the profession of law, which he afterward practiced in New Orleans for about a year, when his inclinations led him to study for the church. With this view he removed to Baltimore and entered St. Mary's seminary, where he went through a full theological course. After he had graduated with high honors he returned to Bardstown, Ky., where he was ordained priest by the Right Rev. Bishop David, June 13, 1830, and was at once made assistant priest, or curate, to the Rev. Mr. Spalding, then parish priest at Louisville, and now archbishop of the diocese of Baltimore. Father McGill soon after this, owing to the labors of his mission and great study, had his health impaired, and took a trip to Europe with a view to recover his physical energy. This was in the year 1837. He was eminently successful, returning with renewed vigor and health to the performance of his former duties. On his arrival in the United States, in addition to his ministerial duties, he edited a weekly Catholic journal, and was next appointed pastor to a church in Lexington, Ky. While there he received, on the 10th of October, in the year 1850, a bull from his holiness Pope Pius the Ninth, elevating him to the dignity of bishop of the see of Richmond. He was consecrated bishop at Bardstown by the most Rev. Dr. P. R. Kendrick, archbishop of St. Louis, on the 10th of November, 1850. He at once repaired to the scene of his duties, and arrived in Richmond December 6, 1850.

Bishop McGill was the author of several literary works of great merit. Among them may be mentioned his "History of Calvin" and "The True Church." He also made several translations of foreign literary works. In 1870 he attended the session of the Ecumenical council in Rome, returning from the holy city, in the early part of 1871. Upon his arrival in New York he was for a considerable period delayed there in consequence of an attack of the disease which has just now brought him to the grave. Bishop McGill's labors in his diocese were rewarded with the most signal success. He established several new churches, both in the state of Virginia and of West Virginia.

The bells in the Catholic churches in Richmond were kept tolling the solemn and sad news of the death of this eminent cleric all Sunday.

Catarrhal Bronchitis.

Catarrh, in which the lining of the nose and passages which lead into the lungs is a common infirmity, and by most persons is readily understood, at least so far as to be able to distinguish the nature and character of the disease.

When it descends into the bronchial tubes, and follows them in their minute ramifications throughout the lungs, it usually receives the plain name of bronchitis, and unless cured may end, and often does end, in fearful pulmonary disaster. When it confines itself to the membrane of the nose and upper part of the throat it passes by the name of catarrh, which name, however, is hardly sufficiently significant to designate the character of the disease. By catarrhal bronchitis, therefore, I mean that the upper part of the mucous membrane lining the nose is affected, and that it extends downwards and affects the lining of the bronchial tubes which ramify the lungs. DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE is a specific for this disease, as far as any one medicine can be a specific. Heal the bronchial tubes by making good blood, which Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure will soon do, if the system to do, and the disease will 167 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, $1 50 per bottle, or 4 for $5. Sold at Dr. Keyser's,

The Evans Swindle.

If Governor Geary knows aught about the arrangements and understandings had with the late State Agent, he must have heard that in reference to one item collected, amounting to about $800,000, there was a distinct agreement entered into by Auditor General Hartranft and Geo. O. Evans, that the fees *should not be ten per cent.*, but should be fixed after the work was completed, and should be ample to pay for the work done. It is needless to say that on this, as upon every other item, the agent claimed and withheld the ten per cent., as his fee, after specially agreeing with the Auditor General that he was not to receive this amount.

How can the Governor in the face of such facts, and with a full knowledge of them, attempt to vindicate the outrageous conduct of the State Agent? We are amazed at the boldness of the attempt, and are much deceived if it shall succeed in hoodwinking the public. On the contrary, we know that it has totally failed; that that public, with keen and correct foresight, has made up its mind upon this subject, and nothing short of actual proof, derived through a Legislative investigation of the whole matter, can change that judgment.

We are told that the Governor, accepting the babblings of the supposed swindler, and adopting them as his own, holds that the bargain made by the Auditor General was illegal, void, and of no effect. We are more astounded still at this affrontery.

Mr. Evans entered upon a plain, fair, well understood bargain that he should do certain work, to be placed in his hands by the Auditor General, and should be paid according to the labor performed. Was there anything wrong about that? Was there any advantage taken in any way of Mr. Evans? Was this not manifestly the duty of the Auditor General to save the State if possible from an overcharge? Mr. Evans was satisfied to accept the service upon this condition, he did the work, and repudiating the express condition, that his pay was to be fixed afterwards, and in accordance with the labor performed, pocketed the full ten per cent.—and the Governor attempts to justify him in the act of robbing the State.

We cannot avoid the natural query—why does Governor Geary manifest so much zeal in the cause of George O. Evans? Why does he take up the cause of an accused swindler, and devote a column in his annual message to his vindication? The people wonder at this, and they cannot avoid wondering. Is not the Legislature competent to investigate such charges as are made against a State officers? Must the Governor take up the cause of an accused swindling State official, and argue his innocence in his message, by the column—when the commonwealth is the plaintiff? We had thought that we elected our Governors to protect the *interests of the State*, not as special pleaders *against the interests* of the treasury, and in the interest of accused State officials.

Probably we are wrong, and that John W. Geary is right in defending Evans at the expense of the treasury. It appears to us that his duty was wholly done, when he stated the charge against a State officer, and asked the Legislature to give the matter attention.

Why he has done more than this, we leave to the future; but we cannot help expressing our chagrin, as well as our surprise, that Evans could find a ready advocate in the Chief Executive of our State. Can it be possible that other officials shared with him the spoils of his office?

The matter must be looked squarely in the face; the recent conduct of the Governor, we consider *very extraordinary*, and we call upon the Legislature to stand up boldly and not shrink from the responsibility imposed upon it. Various rumors have been in the air for months past, and it is high time that they be proved true or false. Let the whole matter be investigated by a committee, who will go to the bottom, sifting it most thoroughly, and if any be found guilty, let the axe fall with unrelenting severity, in order that justice may be wholly vindicated.

We trust that the rumors we have referred to may turn out untrue; that a faithful investigation may reveal no criminality, but that in the end the worst that can be said will be, that what was in reality only a mistake, has been fully rectified and the Treasury made whole.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

LOVE IN A SNOWDRIFT.—The Kansas City *Times* recounts the termination of a very romantic young lady's rambles. A young and pretty girl named Miss Alameda Cosgrove, residing at San Diego, last summer responded to an advertisement in the Waverly Magazine for a correspondence, with a view to enjoy "fun and amusement, and perhaps matrimony." The new correspondent of the young lady resided at Wathena Kansas, and represented himself to be a merchant, young, wealthy, honest, and in want of a wife. A long and loving correspondence ensued between Jerome Markham and Miss Cosgrove. Photographs were exchanged, and Miss Cosgrove was delighted to find her unseen lover a good-looking youth, *distingue* in appearance and decidedly handsome. Finally she consented to come to Wathena to be married. Two weeks ago she started for Kansas. All went well until she got on the Denver Pacific. After leaving Cheyenne the train struck a drift and became hopelessly stuck fast. While snow bound near Crow Creek, Colorado, Miss Cosgrove attracted the attention of Mr. Julius Emmett, a commission merchant of Kansas City, who perceiving the young lady seated alone, and evidently unprovided for such an emergency, very gallantly tendered such assistance as was in his power to give, which was a valise full of cold food and two buffalo robes. The young couple were soon on friendly, social terms. Miss Cosgrove very naively recited her adventures, and was rewarded by Emmett informing her that he was single, etc. They parted with regret at Wathena, when the young lady turned to meet for the first time him she was to call her husband. She had a moment to wait before a rough, rakish-looking individual, at least forty years of age, made himself known as her correspondent and expectant husband. Miss Cosgrove, finding she had been deceived, turned without a word and entered the car and went to Kansas City. A few days afterwards the lady married her friend Emmett, and she will no doubt often wonder at the strange termination of a flirtation in a snow drift on the Denver Pacific.

THE TEMPERANCE DODGE.—Last winter the Rads made a labored effort, through the temperance politicians, to force the State Senate to pass a "local option" liquor law, and when that body defeated the measure the Radical editors and stumpers turned up their eyes in holy horror and denounced the Democrats for defeating this humane and necessary law. Now, that the Rads control both Houses, and could pass their favored act any day, the State organ—the *Telegraph*—cooly announces to the gullible temperance fraternity that such a law would be unconstitutional. O, humbug!—*Clearfield Republican.*

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: One would naturally suppose, from the number of Grant's brothers-in-law, that he has as many wives as Brigham Young, and as many sisters as a Shaker settlement.

News of the Week.

—Mr. Joshua Schnurman, of Allentown, killed a goose on Wednesday, the liver of which weighed two pounds.

—The Williamsport *Free Press* says Harrisburg is the banner town for vagrants, not counting the Legislature.

—Mrs. Martin, widow of a man who died of trichina at Lobisville, a few days since, has died of the same disease.

—Chief Justice Chase is buying up Rhode Island. He has already purchased five acres, and is keeping a sharp eye on the other fifteen.

—Mr. Fitzpatrick, of New Orleans, was arrested for bathing his wife's forehead with a saw. He probably thought she was a blockhead.

—The Franciscan nuns who were driven out of Paris, and who established an academy at Council Bluffs, have gone on to China to establish a mission.

—The man who is too poor to take his county paper has purchased a double-barreled gun and keeps four dogs. He takes his bug juice three times a day.

—The democracy of Bedford county have nominated J. M. Reynolds, Esq., for Assembly, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of J. W. Dickerson.

—Two neglected relatives of the President have been found in Jersey City, utterly void of office. Inquiry has established the fact that they did not vote for Grant.

—Two Germans in Blue Earth county, Minn., swapped wives recently. Their neighbors interfered, and the parties are awaiting their fate in the county jail.

—John Bener, who has been separated from his wife for a year, went to her house at St. Paul, Minnesota, on Saturday night, and murdered her, literally cutting her head to pieces.

—Love in the Indian language is "schimlendamowitchewagan." Our Paul says he would sit and wiuk at a squaw for a month before he would attempt to tell her that he loved her.

—A negro in Canaan who by unswerving attention to business and frugality in living has in a few months saved 2,000 of his neighbors' hoop poles, was taken to Litchfield jail one day last week.

—Alexis shot the first buffalo seen by the hunting party got up for his special benefit, and we presume that when he saw the Indians he got his first glimpse of real unadulterated Americanism.

—There is a young girl in Virginia who wears four bullets made into the form of a Maltese cross, which were extracted from the bodies of her father and brother who were killed in the siege of Richmond.

—A woman died of small-pox near Doylestown the other day, having brought the disease upon her through a senseless dread of it. It is the easiest thing in the world to frighten one's self into disease and death.

—Postmaster Henry Smith, of St. James, Long Island, set a trap-gun on Wednesday night, the 10th, for burglars, but forgetting the gun, went to the office to obtain a package and was shot, dying the next morning.

—John Floyt, a clerk in the axe factory of Wm. Mann & Co., at Milroy, Mifflin county, was instantly killed, on Tuesday of last week, while attempting to cross the track of the Mifflin and Centre County Railroad.

—A Kansas city man named Tupman went out sleigh-riding the other day with a pretty widow. He was pursued by Mrs. Tupman in a hack, overtaken, and horse-whipped soundly by his irate and unappreciated better half.

—Rughoonathdas Madhoodas, the well-known Bombay merchant, was recently married, at Chinchpoogly, to Miss Dhuncoorha, daughter of Shet Gudhurdas Mohundas, relict of "the late lamented" Luchmichand Dhurmsey. No cards.

—The boiler of freight engine No. 301 exploded her boiler near Middletown on the 13th, killing Cockley Doudall, of Mantua, the engineer, and seriously injuring the fireman James Wilson of Paoli, and the conductor Joseph Lewis of Downington.

—The reported destruction of the city of Oran, in the Argentine Republic, by earthquake, is confirmed. Not a house was left standing. Only one life was lost. The town of Humahuaca was also damaged, and a volcano developed in its neighborhood.

—The Louisville Ledger states that a party of Indiana thieves, a few nights ago, near Shoals, in Martin county, stole a whole steam saw-mill—machinery, boilers, engine, and all—and carried it off, by rail, to Illinois. This is the heaviest robbery ever heard of before."

—A phenomenon has occurred in Indianapolis. A well, the water in which has been of remarkable coldness, has been growing warmer, and is now almost hot. The inference is that the city is rapidly growing worse and worse, and consequently the infernal regions are approaching.

—Asa W. Clark, a workman in the furniture manufactory of Wm. O. Haskell & Son, at East Lebanon, N. H., was probably fatally injured a few days ago. A knife in a sticking machine which he was tending flew and struck him on the throat, severing an artery and cutting the windpipe about half off.

—To prevent cattle from jumping fences, clip off the eyelashes of the under lids with a pair of scissors. The ability or disposition to jump is said to be as effectually destroyed by this means as was Samson's power by the loss of his locks. The animal will not attempt a fence until the lashes are grown again.

—David R. Dickey, of Randolph, Tipton county, Tenn., came to an end on Monday. He made a bet that he could eat four bottles of brandy peaches, and drink all the liquor, together with two tumblers of raw whiskey. He drank the whiskey, and finished all the peaches, dropping dead while holding the last peach in his mouth.

—The storm which prevailed in California last month was unprecedented even in the history of the Pacific slope. Many instances are given by exchanges from that region where whole towns were almost entirely submerged. The editor of the Jilroy Advocate, as he worked in his office on the 18th ult., sat with his legs in two feet of water.

—A woman named Case, living at Decatur, Ind., murdered her boy a few days since by forcing him to kindle a fire with kerosene while she remained in bed. The boy poured a quantity on the fire and wanted to desist, but the woman ordered him, with an oath, to put on more. An explosion followed, and he was burned to death. He was 12 years old.

—A St. Louis dispatch asserts that the hunting trip of Alexis will probably be cut short, and he and his party return to that city to await the orders of the Czar, as it is known Admiral Poisset has just received official advices that the relations between the United States and Russia are threatened with disruption, and that it may be advisable for the Grand Duke to return home shortly.

—The Mankota (Minn.) Review says: "A gentleman engaged in furnishing relief to the poor in our southwestern frontier during the recent cold weather found a family, consisting of a widow and several small children, living in a "sod hut"—that is, a hole in the ground ten or fifteen feet square and about six feet deep, covered with brush and a layer of sod. They were thinly clad, the children having no shoes."

Practical Facts.

When any organ or part of the body becomes diseased it gives out more than its accustomed share of particles from that part. These separated particles are carried out of the body through the medium of the kidneys, and may by chemical analysis and microscopic examination, be definitely ascribed to the precise locality whence they are derived.

These are practical facts; not merely of value in ordinary cases alone, but scientific men, Todd, Bennet, Quackot, and others, have placed on record numerous instances wherein the correct diagnosis in *obscure* cases depended *solely* upon these kind of investigations.

We ourselves, during an experience of over twenty years practice, have had many individual cases wherein the examination of the urinary secretion alone revealed the true nature of the disease, after all the well known methods of the very best physicians of the country had signally failed.

When we propose to detect diseases by an examination of the urine alone, being prepared, as we are at our office, No. 132 Grant street, Pittsburgh, with all the chemical and microscopic apparatus for testing it in the most scientific manner, we base our proposition *not* upon clairvoyance, spiritualism, hocus-pocus, or legerdemain, but upon the incontrovertible facts, and make our deductions in accordance with the immutable laws of *science*.

Indeed, it is these *facts* alone that can give to our peculiar system its true value, that stamps it as a science. For that only is scientific which is based upon incontrovertible facts.

Those living at a distance by sending a specimen (morning's urine) for scientific analysis and examination can have the necessary medicine sent them by express.

L. OLDSHUE, M. D.,
T. L. OLDSHUE, M. D.,
J. W. OLDSHUE, M. D.

Address, Drs. Oldshue, 132 Grant street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A WIFE WHO CIRCUMNAVIGATED THE GLOBE IN SEARCH OF HER HUSBAND.—Mary Anne Wentworth was the only daughter of respectable New England parents, whose ancestors came over in the May Flower, and whose grandsires had fought on the side of freedom in the Revolutionary war. At 18 Mary Anne was the belle of her native village, and had a host of suitors. She married John Thompson, a young English sailor, and soon after their marriage he sailed for London, and three years after wrote to his wife that he was about to sail for China.—This latter changed all the young wife's plans. She determined to leave her child with her parents and take passage for Europe in the next steamer. But before she arrived in London her husband's vessel had sailed; and, having ascertained that the destination of the vessel was Hong Kong, she persisted in following in the first ship going thither.

A month expired ere the young wife could find such a ship, and on her arrival at Hong Kong she learned that the clipper in which her truant husband served was on her way to Sydney with a cargo of tea. Again she started; but her trip to Sydney proved as unfortunate as her trips to London and Hong Kong, for there she learned that her husband's vessle had just sailed for New York with a cargo of wool. Luckily, an American ship was up for New York in a few days and the captain, a light-hearted Yankee, hearing her story, and admiring her courage and devotion, gave her a free passage back to her native land.

She arrived in New York about two weeks ago, penniless and destitue. This, however, is not the worst; for the man in pursuit of whom she had circumnavigated the globe she found living here with a worthless woman and was constrained to summon him to one of our civil courts ere she could compel him to recognize her rights as a wife and to provide for her support. This he did in Justice Hartman's court yesterday.—*New York Sun, Jan. 13.*

WE were pleased to see, not long since, in one of our exchanges, some pretty severe remarks addressed to several persons who during an interesting lecture by Rev. Jno. S. C. Abbott, kept a continuous coughing, which prevented many from hearing. People who cannot refrain from coughing, had better stay away from such places, or else take a bottle of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* with them.

THE importance of giving *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* to horses that have been out in the cold rain, stood in cold wind, or drank too much cold water, cannot be over estimated; no man should be without them who owns a good horse.

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Cambria Freeman.

SATURDAY, : : : : : JAN. 20, 1872

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

ANOTHER YEAR GONE BY.—With the present number of the FREEMAN closes the fifth year of its existence, our issues of May 13th and 20th having both been inadvertantly printed No. 16. Those on our books who owe us for MORE than two years' subscription, with perhaps a few exceptions, as well as all others in whom we have not the most implicit faith, will receive no more papers from us until all arrears are paid up—which will probably never be. More than that, they will be presented with bills at the rate of $2 50 per year, and if they fail to respond within a reasonable time, suits at law will be the result in all cases where there is any hope of collecting what is honestly our due. To those who have paid us like honest and honorable men, we tender our heartiest thanks, and fondly hope that none of them will tire in well doing. To all our friends we appeal for continued support, and ask them to lend us a helping hand in increasing our patronage and in enabling us to obtain an entire new outfit for our paper. It would certainly be but little trouble to nearly all our patrons to secure one new subscriber each, and when we offer to furnish two copies in this way for $3 per year, or to club with other publications at low rates, we think there is a very liberal inducement held out for all to work. Also, bear in mind that $1 75, IF PAID WITHIN THE NEXT TWO WEEKS, will secure the FREEMAN for one year to single subscribers, whether old or new. After that all but new subscribers will be charged $2, and even that will not be very long. Let all try the experiment of paying in advance, and we will guarantee them a much better and handsomer paper.

Haps and Mishaps at and near Home.

—Oh, for a whole lot of local news. It's as scarce as honest radical office-holders.

—Small-pox and scarlet fever have gone into partnership in the depopulating business in Altoona.

—Rob Roy's "New Democratic Platform" has been crowded out of this week's issue, but will be published in our next.

—Ladies, remember this is Leap year, and we would advise you not to beware of bachelors. Use your advantage discreetly.

—On the 12th inst., in Morris township, Huntingdon county, the dwelling house of Abraham Keller was totally destroyed by fire.

—Mr. Samuel Small, one of the proprietors of the Sycamore House in Ursina, Somerset county, was drowned at that place one night last week.

—An intoxicated man named Abraham Brads was run over by a freight train and instantly killed at Millwood station, near Derry, on Monday evening last.

—We were promised a whole "raft" of snow on Friday, but after all it turned out only a mere "skiff." Hope the sledding business will be kept afloat, nevertheless.

—Hon. Henry D. Foster has struck a hundred barrel oil well in Armstrong county. It is WELL to FOSTER such a strike, and we would like d—lish well to do the fostering.

—An infant child of Mr. Wils. Thompson, of Indiana, was badly burned about the face and hands, a few days ago, in consequence of falling from a chair on to a hot grate.

—The Herald announces another "skiff" of snow. Next time we hope to be treated to a whole "raft" of it. It would be so much better for navigation purposes, you know.

—Mr. James Ryan, of Chest township, has our thanks for several mammoth Pound apples, produced on his own farm. They were very delicious and the largest we have seen for many years.

—If you have a weakness for good oysters we advise you to consult M. L. Oatman. He furnishes them by the half can—at very low rates, and they are as palatable as ever slid down your gullet.

—Our Representative, Hon. Sam'l Henry, graces the following standing committees: Military; Roads, Bridges and Ferries; Banks; Iron and Coal; Bureau of Statistics, Labor and Co operation.

—Mrs —— Thomas, mother of Messrs. Robert and Richard Thomas, an old lady resident of this place, slipped and fell on the ice, a few days ago, and fractured one of her arms at the wrist. She is now doing well.

—Mr. Daniel Laughman, of Altoona while helping to move a truck at Lilly's Station, on Friday of last week, slipped and fell upon the track, fracturing one of his arms near the elbow and otherwise injuring himself.

—A four year old child of a colored woman named Lizzie Plonden, living near Bedford, was so horribly burned by its clothes taking fire from the stove, during the absence of its mother, on Monday last, that it died the same day.

—The new Catholic church just completed in Strongstown, Indiana county, will be dedicated to divine service on Wednesday next. Everybody is invited, and if the sleighing should be good, no doubt the invitation will be very generally accepted.

—T. J. Chapman, M. A., our worthy county superintendent, has placed us under obligations for a copy of his new and very neat book entitled "Schools and Schoolmasters," of the subject, matter and merits of which we shall endeavor to give an inkling in our next.

—Messrs. John Wagner, Anthony Anna and W. A. B. Little, our County Auditors, are now busy at work making out the annual report of the financial condition of the county. They are fully competent to the task, and an intelligible and clear statement may be looked for.

—To the American News Co., New York, we are under obligations for a large and very printed engraving entitled "The Political Ladder," which is the best delineation of the wholesale plundering now being carried on by radical officials that could well be conceived. Only 10 cents per copy. Send for it.

—The Herald man simply lies—under a grave misapprehension of the facts where he asserts that we predicted that Mr. Barker's temperance address would fail to secure a large audience. Nothing that we said was so intended, nor could our language be justly construed to mean any such thing. Try again.

—Bob Thomas has again inaugurated the fresh fish traffic, and will for some time to come be prepared to supply, on Thursday of each week, not only all in this vicinity who wish to indulge in such luxuries but also the citizens of Loretto, Carrolltown, and other places, to all of which regular weekly visits will be made.

—We are glad to learn that our worthy friend, Capt. John H. Murray, had the good fortune to fob the gold watch at the recent Catholic fair in Hollidaysburg. We would be gladder still to hear of his getting another kind of a fair to watch him—in his coming in and goings out. The fair in question nettled some $400.

—Attention is invited to the prospectus of the Pittsburg Dispatch, published in another column. The Dispatch is of course republican in politics, but it possesses enough merits otherwise to counter-balance that failing and commend itself to general patronage. We are authorized to offer the Daily Dispatch and the Freeman together for $7.75, or the Weekly Dispatch and the Freeman for $2 75 per year, or one copy of each for $5 00 to one old and one new or two new subscribers to the Freeman.

—The Herald says that a man named Cunningham had a portion of one of his thumbs taken off by a circular saw at the mill of Geo. W. Burkey & Bro.; that Henry Walters, employed at Berg & Son's saw mill, had the flesh of two of his fingers stripped off to the bone by being caught in some of the machinery; and that Joseph Wilmon has become blind of one eye and it is feared will lose the sight of the other, from the effects of a cold. All this in Cambria township.

—Our friend and subscriber, Mr. Jas. J. Gorman, of Pittsburgh, was severely injured about the head and shoulders, in this place, on Saturday evening last, in consequence of having fallen while attempting to jump from a buggy attached to a runaway horse. He is now at the home of his parents, near Loretto, and is said to be suffering very much from concussion of the brain. Mr. F. D. Storm, who was in the buggy with him at the time, was also ousted from his seat, but fortunately escaped without injury. The vehicle was very badly demoralized.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, January 17, 1872.

DEAR FREEMAN—Local is very scarce. Indeed there is comparatively nothing to write about of any importance, except the death of one of our most talented teachers,

JOHN PECKMAN.

Mr. Peckman was the Secretary at the Institute, and whose neat penmanship elicited so much praise. He died suddenly on last Friday and was buried on Saturday with civic and military honors. The pupils of Cinder street schools, Millville and many of Johnstown, Conemaugh, and other boroughs, turned out; and the Zouaves attended in full uniform.—This token of respect was suggested and carried out by the very efficient Secretary of the School Board of Millville borough, Patrick Hogan, Esq., assisted by Peter McDermott, Esq., another director, and the teachers of that borough. Mr. Hogan spared neither time nor money to secure an honorable funeral ceremony, and he has greatly endeared himself to the teachers by his exertions. Mr. Peckman was an Englishman, born in London, taught many years in Canada, and also in the Eastern States. He was about sixty years of age He came here a stranger. Like a meteor that flashes athwart the heavens, he came, shone brilliantly for a brief period, and then passed silently away. Peace to his ashes.

Appropos of Mr. Peckman's death, I enclose you the following tribute of respect to his memory and return of thanks to those who more specially cared for him in his last illness. The resolutions were adopted by the teachers of Millville borough, who knew and appreciated him best, and are well befitting the sad occasion which called them forth:

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.—At a meeting of the teachers of the Iron Street Schools, Millville Borough, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Great Teacher of the Universe to remove our fellow teacher, Mr. John Peckman, from the busy scenes of life to the quiet and peaceful shades of death, therefore—

Resolved, That it is with feelings of profound regret that we are called upon to perform this last and tribute of respect to one who, during the short period of his co-labor with us, endeared himself to all his pupils and fellow teachers, not only by his courteous deportment and scholarly attainments, but also by his indefatigable attentions at his daily labors.

Resolved, That the peculiar circumstances attending the decease of our brother teacher call for the expression of our tenderest sympathies, occurring as it did away from his home, children and friends, a stranger among strangers, and in a strange place, and yet not without kind neighbors to close his eyes in death, among whom no one could display a more charitable disposition, or was more willing to relieve the necessities of the suffering, than Mr. D. McDonald of Cambria borough, who with his family made the last hours of the deceased as pleasant and comfortable as human aid could accomplish. Also, Patrick Hogan, Esq., of the Millville School Board, merits honorable mention for kind attention to all of the wants of the deceased during his illness.

Resolved, That as a token of esteem for the deceased, we solicit the School Directors to transcribe these resolutions upon their Minutes —that they be published in each of the county papers—and that a copy be sent to the friends of the deceased.

Respectfully submitted,

W. G. KRISE,
MARY ROACH,
LIZZIE LARDIN.

BADLY INJURED.

Mr. Abram Beam, of the 2d ward, an employee at the Steel Works, had the misfortune to meet with a very serious accident on Monday last, and his injuries are so severe that they may yet prove fatal. The false lining of one of the steam refiners, composed of iron and other metals, by some means became detached and fell upon Mr Beam, crushing and mangling him in a shocking manner. He was taken to his home and properly cared for, but of his condition at present writing I am not aware.

COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE

Governor Geary recommends compulsory attendance at common schools, or else inducements sufficient to secure full attendance. So far as inducements are concerned, that is all right, but I am too good a friend of the common school system to go in for a compulsory law. It won't do. It is neither democratic nor republican, nor even judicious. I have been connected for thirty six years with common schools, and I know the temper of the people on the question. Some people would like to see other people compelled to send their children to school, but when the law would come home to them, then they would wince most awfully. Better let the rights of the people alone. The less people are governed the better. And my word for it nothing will break down the system sooner than a law compelling attendance. I hope the Legislature has wisdom enough to perceive this. Inducements might be held out, such as giving rewards purchased by the State, to such as attend the greatest number of days in a month. Or an exoneration of ten per cent. of school tax to those who served most regularly, or something like these provisions, but away with compulsion. Such a law could not be enforced.

ROB ROY.

A PORTRAIT OF COL. T. A. SCOTT, the "Railroad King," as he is now generally called, occupies the whole front page of the January Number of Pittsburgh "People's Monthly," now received. This was Photo'd and Engraved ESPECIALLY for the Monthly, and is accompanied by the only full and complete sketch of Scott EVER YET PUBLISHED. There are also portraits and sketches of the Mayors Elect of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, and sixteen beautiful illustrations of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. We note also the first of a series of letters from London, on the industrial classes of Britian, which are to be followed by others from France and Germany. "A noble Queen's example," "Dan McGinnis's Luck," "Afloat in the Wilderness," "Heating and Ventilation," "Kindergarten Schools in Boston," are some of the titles to the original matter. Our readers should not forget that a THREE MONTHS' TRIAL of this bright and attractive home paper is offered for only TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

A VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL, SENT THREE MONTHS FREE.—We have made arrangements with the publishers of the AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL to send THREE monthly numbers GRATIS and POST PAID to all our subscribers who apply for them, or the FREEMAN and STOCK JOURNAL an entire year for $2 25, cash. Farmers and Stock Breeders should avail themselves of this generous offer. The three numbers alone contain near 100 pages of choice original articles, on Veterinary Science, Farming, Stock Breeding, Dairying, Poultry Breeding, &c., &c., handsomely illustrated with engravings. Also a great number of valuable RECIPES for the cure of various diseases to which Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, &c, are liable. O. P. BOYER & Co., Publishers, Parkesburg, Pa.

IT is said the Chinese keep grapes perfectly fresh and sound for a long time by the following plan: They cut a circular hole in a ripe pumpkin, large enough to admit the hand, and then remove the contents and fill the hollow with fresh ripe grapes. The piece which was cut out is replaced, and the pumpkin is kept in some dry place. Grapes put up in this manner will keep nearly the entire year.

THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.—This beautiful little Quarterly Magazine, devoted to new and sparkling matter for School Exhibitions and public days, is received for January. No teacher or pupil should be without it. It costs only fifty cents a year; single copy, fifteen cts. Write for it to ALFRED L. SEWELL, Publisher, Chicago, Ill. Send your subscriptions now and you will not regret it.

NEW DISCOVERY.—An immense cave abounding in stalactytes, stalagmites, and several other wonderful formations with jaw-breaking names, has just been discovered in Bedford county, but we don't believe the discovery will interfere with the sale of dry goods, groceries, and like commodities, at V. S. Barker's popular cheap cash store over the way. The cave in prices to close out winter goods should, however, induce lots of people to buy there now who never bought there before.

SEND to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H., proprietors of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, for a copy of their Treatise on the air. A valuable little book, free to all.

SUBSCRIBE and pay for the FREEMAN now.

List of Jurors—March Term, 1872.

GRAND JURORS.

John Sharp, manufacturer, Johnstown.
Thomas Buck, farmer, Carroll township.
Jacob C. Luther, farmer, Carroll township.
E. P. Baker, farmer, Susquehanna township.
John E. M'Kenzie, carpenter, Chest Springs.
Geo. A. Markle, plasterer, Johnstown.
John Flanagan, farmer, Carroll township.
Josiah Lingerfelter, laborer, Gallitzin twp.
Walter E. Baker, laborer, White township.
Dennis Brawley, gent, Ebensburg.
Benj. Vaughn, lumberman, Ebensburg.
Martin Campbell, blacksmith, Munster twp.
Wm. Berkey, sawyer, Cambria township.
R. A. Fink, minister, Johnstown.
Wm. H. Canan, teamster, Conemaugh boro'.
Michael O. Skelly, farmer, Carroll township.
Joseph Thomas, carpenter, Johnstown.
John A. Owens, puddler, Cambria borough.
John M. Williams, farmer, Cambria twp.
Wm. Otto, hoster, Prospect borough.
John Treftz, justice, Johnstown.
Henry Custer, farmer, Richland township.
John Thomas, merchant, Johnstown.
Thomas R. Williams, farmer, Blacklick twp.

Traverse Jurors—First Week.

Adams Twp.—Alexander Murphy.
Allegheny Twp.—W. A. B. Little, Jos. Null.
Blacklick Twp.—Oliver Makin.
Cambria Twp.—Benjamin James, jr., James C. Murray.
Conemaugh Bor.—Wm. Cushon, Jos. Alwine, Joseph Shoemaker, John Egan.
Conemaugh Twp.—Jeremiah Wissinger.
Carroll Twp.—John Bennett, H. C. Kirkpatrick, Thomas T. Kirkpatrick, Michael J. Nagle, Joseph Gutwalt, Andrew Strittmatter, Simon Kirsch.
Clearfield Twp.—Peter Litzinger.
Croyle Twp.—Samuel S. Paul.
Ebensburg—R. C. Christy, Isaac Crawford, Thos. Lloyd, Richard Tudor, H. Kinkead, Dan'l. O. Evans.
Gallitzin Twp.—John J. Trozell, John Litzinger, James H. Gilson.
Johnstown—John T. Harris, Frederick Kress, John Carney, Jacob A. Glass, Charles W. Potts, Robert B. Gageby.
Jackson Twp.—Kevin Burkhart, Jacob McCarthy, Abram Varner.
Millville Bor.—Philip Constable.
Prospect Bor.—Hugh Gallagher.
Richland Twp.—Henry Waiters.
Summerhill Twp.—Paradus McGough, Mich'l Brannigh.
Taylor Twp.—Samuel P. Morrell.
Washington Twp.—Wm. Tiley, Jas. Conrad, John Lynch.

Traverse Jurors—Second Week.

Allegheny Twp.—Alex M'Mullin.
Chest Twp.—John Lantzy.
Chest Springs Bor.—Francis Cramer.
Croyle Twp.—James Skelly.
Carroll Twp.—John Litzinger.
Clearfield Twp.—Michael Barnicle.
Conemaugh Bor.—John Fisher, Alver Akers.
Cambria Bor.—Thos. Beam, Michael St. Clair.
Ebensburg—E. J. Mills, M. M. O'Neill.
Franklin Bor.—Samuel C. Bole.
Gallitzin Twp.—Jno. M'Closkey, Jno. Porter.
Johnstown—Samuel W. Bames, Jas. Benford.
Millville Bor.—Jas. Anderson, David L. Davis.
Richland Twp.—William Custer.
Summitville Bor.—John Gillespie.
Susquehanna Twp.—Hirani Fritz.
Taylor Twp.—Wm. Hunt, John Varner.
Wilmore Bor.—Ephr'm Crum, Wm. D. Skelly.

1872.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

Parties wishing a first-class daily paper should by all means subscribe for the Pittsburg DAILY DISPATCH, one of the largest, liveliest, and cheapest papers in the United States. The DISPATCH has been established over a quarter of a century; is independent in politics, advocating always those measures which promise the greatest possible good to the largest possible number; gives daily thirty-six columns of matter, embracing the latest news by telegraph, the most reliable market reports, the latest cable telegrams, the freshest original news, the latest Congressional reports, the fullest local reports, with all the news by mail, including the most interesting personal and political items, full telegraphic market reports from all points of importance, East and West, and much other matter of an entertaining and instructive character. The DISPATCH is furnished by mail at $8.00 a year, or may be had from our agents in any town or village within one hundred and fifty miles of Pittsburg at fifteen cents a week.

To those wishing a good and reliable city weekly we would recommend the WEEKLY DISPATCH, one of the handsomest, cheapest and most reliable weeklies published. The *Weekly Dispatch* gives thirty-six columns of matter, printed in clear large type, and is one of the handsomest, as it has long been one of the cheapest, papers of the kind published in the country. It contains all the latest news of the day—political, commercial and general—and as an entertaining and acceptable family newspaper is not excelled by any journal in the State. The *Weekly Dispatch* is to single mail subscribers at $1.50 a year, or in clubs of ten to one address at $1.00 each, with a free paper to the party getting up the club. Subscribers may remit by mail either in money or by post-office order, which is the safer mode. Postmasters receiving subscriptions for the *Dispatch*, either Daily or Weekly, are authorized to retain twenty per cent. on published rates for single subscribers, or ten per cent. on our club rates.

Address, O'NEILL & ROOK.
Publishers of *Daily* and *Weekly Dispatch*,
(DISPATCH Building)
67 and 69 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING!—*Great Reduction of Stock and Prices.*—Being determined to reduce our assortment to the lowest possible point before TAKING STOCK, we have gone over all our goods and MARKED DOWN THE PRICES to figures that are bound to sell them. Many articles have been reduced to cost, and others below cost.

Have a very handsome line of Double and Single Shawls; also, Paisley, Broche and Thibet Shawls—all of which must be sold, even at a sacrifice.

A large stock of White and Colored Blankets, Bradle's and other makes of Barred Flannels, Cassimeres, Dress Goods, Notions, Gloves, Hosiery, Muslins, Calicoes, Furnishing and Millinery Goods, and other merchandise in great variety —all bought this season and now selling at Panic Prices at

GEIS & FOSTER'S

Popular Dry Goods Store, Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.—John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Altoona, is prepared to supply Metalic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Mattresses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [Jul.13.-tf.]

WEDDINGS.—The last Altoona *Tribune* publishes just two dozen notices of weddings which have recently taken place for the most part in that vicinity. How many of the now happy couples will be on being happy, it is none of our business to inquire; but up here we always consider it a promising sign to see the newly married betaking themselves, like all other sensible people, to Geo. Huntley's extensive house-furnishing establishment, and supplying themselves with all needed household articles in his line.—George is the right man for such emergencies, and the happiest people are those who deal with him most. Try the experiment.

JAMES J. MURPHY complains, for that, whereas, John Doe and Richard Roe did, on the 14th day of September, 1871, or near that time, with malice aforethought, to wit; at his Star Clothing Store, in the borough of Johnstown, with force and arms, enter the premises aforesaid, at No. 109 Clinton street, and commit a burglary, by taking and carrying away all his made-up clothing, to wit: coats, pants, and vests—for which reason the said Murphy had to go to Philadelphia and New York city and lay in a splendid stock of new made-up clothing.—Wherefore he brings these suits.

S. J. HESS & Co.—This is the firm that purchase and sell more made-up clothing than tongue can tell. Their number is 241—their place of business is located on Main street, on a piece of ground that is called a lot in the plot of Johnstown; and while we don't want to disparage the rest, we always thought that they sell the best made-up clothing, coats, pants, and vests, because in wearing it bears the tests of good sewing, good cloth, good fits and low prices. Go to H——! go to H——.

NOT THE IDEA.—Don't imagine that the extensive excavation that has just been made under Cham. Roberts' building is for the purpose of getting down his store room, in order to enable him to sell *lower* than heretofore, for if you do you will be egregiously sold. Cham. sells low enough now to please all his many customers, and what he sells may be relied on as the very best goods of the kind that can be bought anywhere in the land.

JOHN J. MURPHY will recite "Shamus O'Brien," or any other man, at the Mansion House Corner, on any day in January, and sell any quantity of dry goods, dress goods, fancy goods, and such like. Mr. Murphy undoubtedly sells cheap and durable goods, as all his old customers can testify. Those wanting dry goods should always call with John J. Murphy first and save ten per cent. in their purchases.

JOHNSTOWN, Jan. 8, 1872.—*Dear Sir:* I write to inform you that L. Cohen keeps a hat store in Johnstown, at No. 227 Main street. If you see any person in your bailiwick that wants a nice hat, or cap, or shirt, or anything in the line of men's wear, or ladies, furs, tell them to call with L. Cohen, and you will very much oblige

MANY CITIZENS.

ITS NO USE, the poisonous hair preparations have had their day and done their mischief.—Now comes along NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE, a perfectly clear article, which restores gray hair and keeps the head in a healthy condition. See advertisement.

COMMUNICATION.

JOHNSTOWN, Jan. 15th, 1872.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

I regret to be again compelled to ask the privilege of occupying a portion of your valuable space to reply to your correspondent M. P. M. I regret also to have to say anything in regard to my reading of "Shamus O'Brien." I am, and was, aware that the performance was very imperfect. I had a right, however, to expect that a criticism of it would be fair and impartial, and if your correspondent, in his remarks, had not gone beyond the limits of truth and decency, I should have said nothing in reply. His criticism, instead of being made in a friendly spirit, was insulting, malignant, and, to some extent, false. Under these circumstances I could not remain silent. I replied to him in order to correct his misrepresentation on one or two points, and I also gave my reasons for reading the piece with the *brogue*. I could not at first understand why your correspondent, after lauding every body else's reading to the skies, should so severely condemn mine; but, thanks to his last effusion, I have ascertained the animus of the whole attack.—In the first place, he insinuated that I ridiculed the Irish mode of speech. This was probably done in order, if possible, to get me to retort something that would be offensive to our Irish fellow-citizens. In this, however, he is disappointed; still he labors hard in his last letter to make the Irish people believe that they have been insulted by me, and he is evidently very anxious to be considered their champion. *All this he does for a purpose.*

The learned gentleman quotes four lines of the poem—or, rather, misquotes them, for he introduces a glaring grammatical blunder in the first line, which does not occur in the original—and asks why I did not add these to my quotation. The point that he makes is that the word "priest" is properly spelled in these lines. I grant this. It is so evident, however, from many words of the poem that its author meant it to be read with the brogue, that we are justified in pronouncing this word just as an Irish peasant—for such the original relator of the story is supposed to have been—would have pronounced it, regardless of the spelling.

He still persists in stultifying himself by asserting that neither me nor "any other man" ever heard an Irishman pronouncing "priest" *praste*. I venture to assert that he cannot find another man in Cambria county who will endorse such a statement. Nine men out of every ten in this community will testify that they have heard Irishmen pronounce in that way often. The assertion is so astounding that he who makes it must be regarded as utterly regardless of truth, or else so careless in his observation of the peculiarities of speech as to be totally unreliable as a critic. I am inclined to take the most charitable view of the matter, by presuming that he has not paid very close attention to his own speech. A man whose ears are so utterly unreliable as his seem to be, could hardly be expected to know what a "*nasal twang*" is.

He challenges me to produce an Irishman who pronounces "priest" *praste*, "street" *strate*, etc. I accept the challenge, and, with the gentleman's permission, will produce *himself* as a living proof of the correctness of my position. I regret to make personal references, but he has compelled me to do so. Mr. M. P. M. called upon a legal gentleman of Johnstown, saying that he would like to sell him the "Life of Chief Justice Taney." Here is the word "chief" pronounced *chafe*. Is it not a word of the same class as "priest"? I could show other instances of his pronunciation of like character, but it is not necessary.

"It can be reolled, and reolled well, without the brogue," says M. P. M. May I ask how he would recite the following lines without the brogue?

"An' his dancin' was sich that the mon used to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;
An' be gorra the whole world gev it into him there.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

An' they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
An' Jim didn't understand it nor mind it a taste,
An' the Judge took a big pinch iv snuff and he says,
'Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, if you plase?'"

M. P. M. says that Samuel Lover was not the author of "Shamus O'Brien." He also says I ought to know "of my own knowledge" the author of poems which I attempt to recite, and not depend on second hand information. Does he know "of his own knowledge" that Le Fanu was the author? If I mistake not, he got his information from a little ten cent pamphlet published by the Americein News Co. Whether this is a reliable publication or not I leave for the astute critic to inform the public, remarking, however, that there seems to be some doubt about the authorship, which has generally been ascribed to Lover. If he can show that Le Fanu was the author, he will enlighten many persons who are much better informed on matters pertaining to authorship than I lay claim to being. In such a matter, however, the public have a right to expect better evidence than the mere dictum of M. P. M., or the American News Co. Can he produce it? Even if Le Fanu was the author—and he may have been, for I am not entirely satisfied that he was not—it does not affect the argument which I founded on the authorship, for was not he a man thoroughly versed in Irish idioms and peculiarities, and does not the author in many places recognize the brogue in the rhyme?

Towards the close of his letter he waxes eloquent. Great occasions are often productive of natural eloquence, and it is so in this case. His tongue and his pen are pledged to the defense of his downtrodden fellow-countrymen. A reader who didn't know the cause that drew out this magnanimous sentiment, would infer from his words that I had proposed to turn Ireland upside down, annihilate her people, and spit the "blarney stone" into everlasting "smithereens." Or, that Hibernia, like Andromeda of the ancients, was chained to a rock, there to be tortured to insensibility by having "Shamus O'Brien," *with a brogue*, "spouted" at her by a hideous monster, who would afterwards have devoured her had not the modern Perseus, with "a tongue and pen" more formidable than a score of Medusas' heads, arrived just in the nick of time to petrify her enemies and save her from utter annihilation. Surely M. P. M., for his magnanimous bravery, his generous use of his "tongue and pen" in the service of his endangered country and his insulted countrymen, deserves to be crowned with potato leaves and placed among the constellations.

Very Truly Yours, J. FRANK CONDON.

[From Cambria Herald; Jan. 11.]

MR. EDITOR—At the request of yourself and some of my old friends, I will write a few things about my recollection of the ancient town of Beula.

In the year 1803, there were nine families residing there—Thos. W. Jones, Rev. Morgan J. Rhees, John J. Evans, Wm. Jenkins, Thos. Phillips, John Thomas, John Parrats, Mrs. Waters, and Thomas Owens.

Thos. W. Jones was a Surveyor and Justice of the Peace; M. J. Rhees was a Baptist Minister, and subsequently Prothonotary of Somerset county.

John J. Evans and Wm. Jenkins kept taverns, one in the east and the other in the west end of town. Thos. Phillips lived private; John Thomas carried on the shoemaking business; John Parrats was a turner; William Thomas worked at the blacksmithing business; his family resided in the country, I believe on the place afterwards belonging to Robert Thomas. There was a saw mill on Blacklick creek, below the town, attended at that time by Thomas Owens. There was a grist mill on Blacklick, but had been; it is now a very pretty green plat, about four rods square, lying on the east side of the Beula bridge. The pond at that time was about six feet deep and very full of fish, which probably came there in some freshet causing the Blacklick to overflow its banks. There were many brick made there, and some of them were built into chimneys, which were afterwards taken down and removed to Ebensburg. They were made by a mulatto named Robert Stewart, who was known more familiarly by the name of "Pompey."

A Baptist "church" stood at the north-east end of town, which was alternately used as a school house when the writer first went to school, taught by one John Evans, and subsequently by John Jones. The last school taught there was in 1813 by David Lloyd.

A large house stood near the center of the town—intended, I believe, for the Court House. An adjourned court was held there in 1806; I believe Judge Addison presided. It was attended by Chief Justice Tilghman, Esq., who succeeded Mr. Rhees as Prothonotary of Somerset county. Several of the Somerset attorneys attended, among whom were Mr. Carson; also, Mr. Riddle, of Bedford. Mr. Todd attended as constable. More anon. E.

[From Cambria Herald, Jan. 18.]

MR. EDITOR—A paper was edited in Beula called the "Western Sky." It was edited by Rev. Morgan J. Rhees and a Mr. Griffith. I believe the press never came to Beula, but that the paper was printed in Philadelphia by a Mr. Ustick.

The last house built there was by Mr. John Thomas, in 1804.

At that time there was a strong contest for the County Seat of Cambria county between Loretto, Munster, Ebensburg, and Beula.

In the Legislature of 1803 or '4 Rev. Nathaniel Sample was a member from Lancaster. Rev. Rees Lloyd, the proprietor of Ebensburg, agreed to give him a certain portion of the lots, (I believe one-third,) provided he would use his influence to have the County Seat located at Ebensburg, which was done. When Mr. Sample got possession of said lots, he ran an alley thro' the middle of each square, thus making each of his lots into two, (an honest piece of work for a minister,) which accounts for so many half lots in Ebensburg after Sample's plan.

After the County Seat was established in Ebensburg, and particularly after the death of Mr. Rhees, Beula began to be depopulated.—One or two of the houses were removed from Beula to Ebensburg. There were six families there in 1805 and '6. Esquire James died, and from that time until 1813 there were only three houses occupied—Mr. Thomas, Mr. Jones, and an old lady named Elizabeth Ellis. Mr. Thomas lived there until 1824. The State road passing through Beula was in a manner vacated, the Turnpike leaving it to the north. Mr. Thomas, having become the sole proprietor, sold out to Mr. Griffith Lloyd, whose grandson is the present proprietor. More anon. E.

GO, SEE AND ADMIRE

THE IMMENSE SHOW OF NEW GOODS!

NOW OPENING AT

Thompson's!

ONE THOUSAND OVERCOATS!

$2,000 WORTH OF LADIES' FURS

OF ALL GRADES.

NEW AND ELEGANT STYLES OF CLOTHING!

BOOTS AND SHOES FOR THE MILLION!

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious, to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for *Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.* Parties wishing the prescription will please address

11-11.-1y. REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
264 South Third St., Williamsburgh, N. Y

OBITUARY.

MYERS.—Died, in Clearfield township, on Thursday evening, Jan. 11th, of inflamation of the lungs, Mrs. REBECCA MYERS, wife of Joseph Myers, aged 70 years and 3 months.

Mrs. Myers was born in Huntingdon county, and removed from there to this county in the year 1825, where she was married to her late husband two years after. She was an exemplary member of the Catholic Church, and having lived a Christian life, we can well believe she died a happy death. May she rest in peace.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the estate of PHILIP RAGEN, late of Jackson township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will please make payment, and those having claims against the estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN A. RAGER, Admr.,
Or his Counsel, SHOEMAKER & BERRY.
Ebensburg, Jan. 20, 1872.-6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the money in the hands of MICH'L M'GUIRE and CHARLES M'MANAMY, Administrators of the estate of GEORGE BRUCE, dec'd, gives notice that he will attend at the office of Verney & Null, in Ebensburg, for that purpose, on MONDAY, the 12TH OF FEBRUARY NEXT, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested may attend.

J. G. LAKE, Auditor.
Loretto, Jan. 20, 1872-3t.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.—The undersigned offer at private sale their fine FARM in Allegheny township, between Chest Springs and Loretto, (3 miles from each place,) containing 167 Acres, more or less, about 135 Acres cleared and the remainder under heavy timber. Good improvements—Dwelling House, Barn, Sheep House, Blacksmith Shop, and all other needed outbuildings. There is an excellent Orchard of choice fruit on the premises and abundance of pure water in all the fields.

The property will be sold for $5,250—$3,000 in hand and balance in two years, with interest.—Call on the premises, or write to

C. & B. SHIELDS,
Jan. 20, 1872.-tf. Loretto, Pa.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphans' Court of Cambria County. In the matter of the account of W. C. LEWIS, Administrator of MARY HITE, deceased.

And now, Dec. 4th, 1871, on motion of C. L. PERSHING, Esq., Court appoint JNO. P. LINTON, Esq., Auditor to make distribution of the money in the hands of the accountant.

By the Court.

I will attend to the duties of the above appointment, at my office in the Borough of Johnstown, on THURSDAY, FEB. 1ST. 1872, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested can attend, if they see proper, or be forever debarred from coming in the fund.

Jan. 13.-3t. JOHN P. LINTON, Auditor.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of NICHOLAS SNYDER, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of Nicholas Snyder, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ELIZABETH SNYDER, } Executors.
T. R. SCANLAN, }
Carrolltown, Jan. 13, 1872.-6t.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!—The subscriber hereby offers at private sale all that valuable Real Estate now in his occupancy, situated in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., containing about 200 Acres. The said property is under good fence and in an excellent state of cultivation. It is unnecessary to describe the improvements, etc., as any person desirous of purchasing can derive any information necessary as to terms, etc., by making application to

AUGUSTIN DURBIN.
Munster Twp., Jan. 13, 1872.-3t.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the real estate of John Keelan, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in the Borough of Johnstown, on *Wednesday, the 14th day of February*, A. D. 1872, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at which time all persons are required to present their claims, or be debarred from coming in for a share of the fund.

C. L. PERSHING.
Johnstown, Jan. 13, 1872.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JOSEPH RICHTER, dec'd.

The undersigned, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of WM. RICHTER, Adm'r of Joseph Richter, deceased, upon his account filed, hereby notifies all parties interested that he will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in the Borough of Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, the 13th day of February next*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they may attend if they see proper.

Jan. 13, '72.-3t.* WM. KITTELL, Auditor.

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

LORETTO, PA.

Special attention given to collections.

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BURN, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, Cigars, Tobacco, Notions, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House, Ebensburg, Pa. [April 17, 1868.]

SHERIFF'S SALES

...DAY NIGHT.

SPARKLE, BACHELOR.

...o have seen as many as sixteen ... this vale of tears, understand to ...fully the mingled joys and sorrows of ...r Sunday nights' courtship.

With what trepidation, half doubt, half triumph, we noted the effect of "Warren's Blacking" on our new sewed boots; or, with trembling fingers, essayed to tie the fancy neckcloth, for which our tailor had charged us such an outrageous price, unblushingly affirming that he was making a present of it at that amount! How we palpitated as we approached the house which was the casket containing our jewel, and perhaps lost heart as we approached it, and made a circuit of a block or two before coming to the door! How our heart beat tumultuously as we laid a shaking hand upon the knob and gave a pull, and heard the bell ring out in the hall!

Would she come to the door? Would she be glad to see us? No, it is the cook, who propels the mop and wrestles with the frying pan in the lower regions, and this hard-hearted female, supposing that we are in search of the younger brother of our divinity, announces that he is not in.

Master Ned! Ridiculous! A mere school boy—whole months younger than we are. We falteringly pronounce the name of our inamorate, and are admitted.

What is this female grinning at? Does she see anything wrong in our apparel? or has she the impudence to class us in the same light with a boy like Master Ned?

Our indignation is soon lost, as we stumble into the presence of the fair one, and do wonderful things with the hat which has cost cash money, before we consent to relinquish it to the tender mercies of the servant. We feel that the eyes of the world are upon us—that pater familias is regarding us with a placid smile, and that the partner of his joys and sorrows is "watchin' us."

And then when the old people have asked all the questions they can think of, and have found business in other parts of the house, we are left alone with our charmer! She has a wonderfully low voice, at first, and yet she leads us on, as women will do to the end of time, until we are talking glibly enough, and have gone so far as to be seated on the sofa, when pater familias comes mooning in with an earthly question receives, his answer, and moanders out again.

We have taken her hand, when a whirlwind enters the house in the shape of Master Ned, who inflicts his presence upon us for half an hour, and is off again.

The moments fly swiftly, and we are in the seventh heaven of happiness, when again the doors open, and a solemn procession enters. Pater familias, mater familias and Ned, outwardly demure, but inwardly rejoicing, like a demon, in our discomfiture!

After awhile we feel for our hat and depart, inwardly full of wrath and vowing never to return. But, as surely as the cycle of time brings round the next Sabbath night, we are back again. And so it will be with the sons of men while the world goes round.

THE DUTCHMAN'S VOTE.—A propos of the recent elections, the following is capital; and will be especially relished by gentlemen who have been unsuccessful in their aspirations for office:

In one of the towns of Pennsylvania, the freemen had for many years deposited their votes solidly for the Democratic candidates. Such a thing as a Whig or Republican ticket had never been run. At that time, however, the politicians of an adjacent township thought it an opportune occasion to attempt the establishment, in that town of a Republican organization To this end, they persuaded a certain Mr. Green, who had recently settled there, to become their candidate for some minor office, hoping to procure for him a few votes, under the popularity of the great name of Grant, and thus to get an entering wedge in the local affairs of the township.

The day of election arrived, but Mr. Green was unable to get to the polls by reason of sickness. In due time the returns were published, and Mr. Green had just one vote. Chagrined at this, and annoyed by the accusation that he had voted for himself, he said if any one would make affidavit to the vote he would reward him with a good suit of clothes. A few mornings afterward a burly looking Pennsylvania Dutchman called upon Mr. Green and abruptly remarked: "I vants ...suit of cloes."

he succeed said Mr. Green, "then you are his own deliberate ...d for me?"

R. Buckalew voted ...

Rutan (radical) ... make an affidavit order to effect ...

body and thus ...m."

the different ... named by the intelli-ted in ope... office of the justice der instr... required affidavit leagues ...ich the clothes were that ... to the deponent.

sio... was Mr. Green to be re-...ved from the unpleasantness of his situation, and so glad to learn that there was another righteous man in the township, that he had taken the Dutchman's Republicanism as a matter of course.—However, at parting he said: "Now my friend you have your suit of clothes, just answer me one question—How came you to vote for me?"

"You vants to know dat?"

"Yes."

"And you won't go back on de clees?"

"No."

"...," said he, slowly, and with a sly twinkle of the ... "don I told you; *I makes a mistake in de ticket.*"

WHO but one that had been there could have given expression to this scandalous bit of realistic cynicism? "Now is the time to rally to the festive donation party. A donation party is a cheerful gathering, where a poor clergyman's flock overwhelm him with bead watch pockets and eat up about $112 worth of his winter provisions."

ARTIFICIAL indigo is now manufactured.

NEW

DRY GOODS BAZAAR!

When you visit the city, do not fail to call and see the

New Dry Goods Bazaar

—OF—

A. W. ERWIN & CO.,

172 & 174

FEDERAL STREET!

ALLEGHENY CITY.

The Handsomest Dry Goods Emporium in the State.

OUR MOTTO:

GOOD GOODS AT LOW PICES.

Through the Season we are in receipt of

NEW GOODS EVERY DAY!

Our Stock is always full, fresh and complete.

We respectfully ask the attention of

WHOLESALE BUYERS

To our Stock, as our Wholesale Department is at all times fully supplied with goods which we offer, either by the piece or package, at the lowest

NEW YORK OR PHILADELPHIA PRICES.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

ERWIN'S DRY GOODS BAZAAR,

Nos. 172 & 174 Federal St.,

[Dec. 2-1y.] ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.

L. D. SINE'S GIFT ENTERPRISE

ESTABLISHED IN 1854.

Principal Office 101 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

The only RELIABLE GIFT DISTRIBUTION in the country!

$60,000.00

IN VALUABLE GIFTS!

TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN

L. D. SINE'S

153rd REGULAR MONTHLY

Gift Enterprise!

To be drawn Monday, Feb. 19th, 1872.

Two Grand Capitals of

$5,000 each in Greenbacks!

Two Prizes $1,000 } in
Five Prizes $500 } GREENBACKS
Ten Prizes $100 }

Horse and Buggy, with Silver-mounted Harness, worth $600.
One Fine-toned Rosewood Piano, worth $500!
FIFTY FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, WORTH $100 EACH!
Five Heavy Cased Gold Hunting Watches and Heavy Gold Chains, worth $300 each!
Five Gold Anchor Hunting Watches, worth $125 each.
FIFTY LADIES' GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, worth $100 each!
500 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches (in all) worth from $20 to $50 each.
Ladies' Gold Lecontine and Gent's Gold Vest Chains, Solid and Double-Plated Silver Table and Teaspoons, Photograph Albums, Jewelry, &c., &c., &c.

Whole number Gifts, 6,000. Tickets Limited to 60,000.

AGENTS WANTED to Sell Tickets, to whom Liberal Premiums will be given.

SINGLE TICKETS $1; SIX TICKETS $5; TWELVE TICKETS $10; TWENTY-FIVE TICKETS $20.

Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to

L. D. SINE, Box 86,
101 W. 5th St., CINCINNATI, O.

Dr. Crook's WINE or TAR Established 1860.

A remedy which has been tested for 10 years, and proved in thousands of cases, capable of curing all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; performing many remarkable cures hereto a trial from all who are suffering from similar affections and vainly seeking relief. Will you be prejudice prevent you from being cured also?

Coughs and Colds.—The Druggists say it cures them all.
Asthma.—The relief and cures of it are marvelous.
Breathing.—Every sufferer will find relief and cure where ailments require only a few doses.
Bronchitis.—Has cured cases pronounced incurable.
Debility.—It renovates and invigorates the system.
Liver Complaint.—Most effective regulator of the organ
Dyspepsia.—Its healthy action on the stomach cures it.
Appetite.—It is health-giving and appetite restoring.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR is held in the medicinal qualities of Tar, combined with vegetable ingredients of unionbted value, which make it unsurpassed, and only for the complaints enumerated but it rapidly restores school strength, cleanses the Stomach, relaxes the Liver and puts them to work, causes the food to digest, and makes pure blood, and imparts a vitality appreciated by both sound and sick. If you are afflicted in any way, we know if you try this life-giving tonic properties of Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar, you will add your testimony to its great value in correcting any ills that flesh is heir to. Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Scrofula, Scrofulous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Hereditary Diseases of the Liver, Diseases of the Skin, Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, and old Sores, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Pure Bark. It is combined with the best tonic preparations of iron known, and is the Best Alterative and Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO., Dayton, O.

AUCTION! AUCTION!

HAVING been commissioned by Governor Geary to act as AUCTIONEER in and for the Borough of Ebensburg, I am now prepared to receive and sell at Public auction all kinds of Goods, Wares, Merchandise, &c., and also attend to the duties of Auctioneer at all sales of Lands, Tenements, Live Stock, Household Furniture, &c., &c., within the limits of said Borough. Terms moderate. Inquire at No. 108 High Street.

M. L. OATMAN,
Ebensburg, pril 29, 1871.-tf.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.

High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. *Saddles and Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [6-12.-tf.]

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Money received on deposit, payable on demand without interest or upon time with interest at fair rates.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of **Scrofula**, and all scrofulous diseases, **Ulcers, Eruptions**, and eruptive disorders of the skin, **Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm**, and internal **Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver.** It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as **Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility**, and **Leucorrhœa**, when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Ayer's

Hair Vigor,

For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

LOWELL, MASS.

NATURE'S

HAIR RESTORATIVE

TRADE MARK. PATENTED.

Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT,—desideratums LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humors, eutaneous eruptions, and imparts tone. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE*, and take no other.

Send two three cent stamps to PROCTOR BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $100 to any person.

For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 3, '71.-1y.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in the house of J. Buck & Co.'s store, and residence (where night calls can be made) one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1871.]

W. W. JAMISON, M. D.,

Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa.,

Tenders his professional services to all citizens of the above place and vicinity who may at any time need Medical aid. [apr21.-tf.]

LEMMON & PLANK,

Practising Physicians,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office in rear of Lemmon & Murray's Drug and Book Store, High street. [July7.-6m.]

A FIREPROOF MAN.—About the year 1806 one Lionetto, a Spaniard, (writes a French chemist,) astonished not only the ignorant, but chemists and other men of science, in France, Germany, Italy and England, by the impunity with which he handled red hot iron and molten lead, drank boiling oil, and performed other feats equally miraculous. While he was at Naples, he attracted the notice of Prof. Sementeni, who narrowly watched all his operations, and endeavored to discover his secret. He observed, in the first place, that, when Lionetto applied a piece of red hot iron to his hair, dense fumes immediately rose from it, and the same occurred when he touched his foot with the iron. He also saw him place a rod of iron, nearly red hot, between his teeth, without burning himself, drink the third of a teaspoonful of boiling oil, and taking up molten lead with his fingers, place it on his tongue without apparent inconvenience.—Sementeni's efforts, after performing several experiments upon himself, were finally crowned with success. He found that by friction with sulphuric acid diluted with water, the skin might be made insensible to the action of the heat of red hot iron; a solution of alum, evaporated until it became spongy, appeared to be more effectual in these frictions. After having rubbed the parts which were thus rendered, in some degree, insensible with hard soap, he discovered, on the application of hot iron, that their insensibility was increased. He then determined on again rubbing the parts with soap, and after this found that the hot iron not only occasioned no pain, but that it actually did not burn the hair. Being thus far satisfied, the Professor applied hard soap to his tongue until it became insensible to the heat of the iron; and having placed an ointment composed of soap mixed with a solution of alum, upon it, boiling oil did not burn it; while the oil remained on the tongue a slight hissing was heard, similar to that of hot iron when thrust into water; the oil soon cooled, and might then be swallowed without danger. Several scientific men have since, it is said, successfully repeated the experiments of Professor Sementeni, but we would not recommend any but professionals to try the experiment.—*Scientific American.*

A GOOSE'S LOVE.—Though Rome was saved by the cackling of geese, their reputation has never been enviable, for to style a man a goose implies a very low estimation of his abilities. But geese have many redeeming features. Doctor Wight, of Dedham, who is a goose fancier, tells a thousand singular instances of their habits. He has one noble old gander who has refused even the leap year advances of the most beautiful goosey on the pond, and has maintained his celibacy (on account of the bad example of his owner we presume) through many years. The doctor owned a pair who for several years renewed their pledges of mutual faithfulness and seemed to exhibit a constancy most remarkable, giving promise of at least a silver wedding of fidelity. A friend sent to the doctor two beautiful females of the same species, which he placed on the pond, and when mating time approached, the old gander, won by the beauty of young Miss Goose, deserted his old companion and paid his devoirs at the new comer's shrine. The deserted one refused all food, and her kind owner carried her to the house. After some days, thinking that her heart was healed, he carried her to the pond. When within sight of the water the false one with his new bride came sailing by, when the divorced glanced at him, buried her head, gave one quiver, and died in her owner's arms.

She is supposed to have died of a broken heart, although there are people who intimate that death was caused by the near approach of Thanksgiving, when she would have been slaughtered at any rate.

OLD BUT GOOD.—The following puzzle is said to have been composed by the Bishop of Oxford: I have a trunk with two lids, two cups, two musical instruments, two established measures, and a great number of articles a carpenter cannot dispense with; then I have always about me two fine fish and a great number of smaller ones, two lofty trees, fine flowers and the fruit of an indegenous plant, two playful animals, and a number of smaller and less tame breed, a fine stag, some whips without handles, some weapons of warfare and a number of weathercocks, the steps of a hotel, the House of Commons on the eve of a division, two students or scholars, and some Spanish Grandees to wait upon me. Answer—The human body, eye lids, knee caps, drums of the ear, feet, nails, soles, muscles, palms, tulips, hips, calves, hairs, heart, lashes, arms, blades, veins, lasteps, eyes and nose, pupils, tendons.

A REPUBLICAN paper in Louisiana states that its member of Congress "has departed for Washington city for the purpose, it is supposed, of drawing his mileage and per diem, as that is the only duty incumbent upon Congressmen which he could possibly perform."

THERE was recently on exhibition at Bangor, Maine, a yoke of oxen seven years old. Their girth is nine feet and eight inches, and their weight 6,600 pounds. They are probably the largest oxen ever raised in the State of Maine.

P. P. TIERNEY.....JAMES P. NULL.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE

—OF—

TIERNEY & NULL,

Colonade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-'71.-tf.]

C. W. EASLY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, No. 108 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa., two doors North of Frazer's Drug Store. Will attend promptly to all manner of legal business that may be entrusted to him.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug.27.]

GEO. W. OATMAN & CO., ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. The collection of notes and bills, whether due or past due, will receive prompt attention

J. S. OGDEN, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Johnstown, Pa. Office on Iron street, between the Conemaugh Bridge and Pa. R. R. Depot. Collections and all business intrusted to him will be promptly attended to. [3-11.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

F. A. SHOEMAKER.....GEO. A. BERRY.

SHOEMAKER & BERRY,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

March 14, 1871. EBENSBURG, PA.

JOHN P. LINTON, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, second story. Entrance on Franklin street.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row.—All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

E. J. WATERS, *Justice-of-the-Peace*, has removed to the office recently occupied by Dr. E. H. Plank, on the east side of Centre street, opposite Colonade Row.

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS,

1323 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS-WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM.....JAS. B. ZAHM.

ZAHM & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

EBENSBURG

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

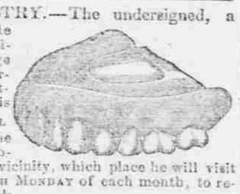
We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.



Aug. 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER,

Altoona, Pa.,

Operative and Mechanical DENTIST

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.-tf.

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS,

PRICES REDUCED!

And Work Warranted!

MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS, made of the finest Italian Marble and in style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturer. Give me a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere. JAMES WILKINSON.

Loretto, April 22, 1871.-tf.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown:

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor,

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

T. R. SCANLAN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa. All manner of legal business attended to promptly and carefully. Collections a specialty.

1872. WINTER. 1872.

I am now prepared to offer

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS

TO CASH PURCHASERS OF

TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE,

EITHER AT

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of

Tin, Sheet-Iron,

COPPER AND BRASS WARES,

ENAMELLED AND PLAIN

SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c.,

COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spear's Anti-Dust

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES,

NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES.

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Odd Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,

all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS

of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to

Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,

at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS

now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.

Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

TO CASH CUSTOMERS!

AT THE EBENSBURG

HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves*, of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shoe Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Odd Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

House Spouting made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale. GEO. HUNTLEY

Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HEATING AND COOK STOVES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING

and all other work in his line.

Virginia Street, near Caroline Street,

ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS!

BOOTS AND SHOES

For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

USEFUL AND CURIOUS.

The famous Silver Islet mine on the north shore of Lake Superior continues to be as productive as ever. It has been worked now over a year, and has yielded over a million of dollars. The company are able to take out a $100,000 worth of ore a month at a cost of only $8,000.

Ohio has found a new supply of fuel in natural gas. Wells have been sunk at Painesville and other places, which furnish a constant supply in quantities sufficient to light and heat a whole town, and obtainable at a very slight cost.

A firm near Union Square, New York, received $150 for the use of, their three second story windows by a party who wished to see the reception of the Grand Duke.

It is said that men and boys invariably run the heels of their boots and shoes over outwardly, while women and girls always run theirs over inwardly.

Every one has heard the word *carat* used in reference to the purity of gold, but not every one knows just what is meant by it. If gold is twenty-four carats fine—as it never is in use—it is pure. If it is twenty-two carats fine it has two parts of alloy to twenty-two of gold—and so on. Gold that has but a slight alloy is too soft to wear well, and eighteen carat gold is as pure as is desirable to have it for watches, rings, and such use.

In the interior of Sweden, families in many cases bake bread but twice a year. It is made into large round cakes about a foot and a half in diameter and an inch and a half in thickness. These are strung on files of sticks suspended from the ceilings of the cottages, and are often so hard that they must be broken with a hammer.

It is cited as an instance showing the readiness with which human bones disappear, that the Dutch government in 1853 drained off the Harlem Lake, on which there had been many shipwrecks and naval battles, and where thousands had found watery graves. The canals and trenches dug to a considerable depth through the rescued land must have had an aggregate of thousands of miles, and yet not a single human bone was exhumed from first to last. Some weapons and a few coins, and one or two wrecked vessels, alone rewarded the antiquaries who watched the operations with the hope of a rich harvest.

In such a large inn as the Fifth Avenue Hotel no food is allowed to go to waste. That left on the plates is taken to the "assorting room." The untouched portions are sent into the kitchen to be warmed over for the servants' table. The remnants are collected and sold to a dealer who arranges them and sells them to poor people, who come into his shop to buy ten or fifteen cents' worth at a time. The very "dish water" is collected into a vat, and the oil on the top is skimmed off and saved.

When Germany makes war on Russia she will not run her locomotives and railway supply trains up to the gates of St. Petersburg as she did up to the lines around Paris. In the extensive system of railways that he is now building, the Czar uses a different guage from any adjoining country.

The Vassar College girls are supplied with their favorite griddle cakes from a griddle eight feet by ten, on which five hundred can be cooked at once.

The old Babylonians were not troubled with the quarrels of allopaths and homeopaths, having had no physicians of any sort. When any one was taken sick he was carried to the Forum and those who passed by were asked if they knew what the disease was; if they knew one who ever had it, and if so, if they knew how he was cured.

Fish are better as well as healthier food if they are killed as soon as they are taken from the water, instead of being left to die a natural—or unnatural—death. That is the way the Hollanders do, and no people eat finer fish before travellers than they do.—*Advance.*

WHAT ADVERTISING DID.—Millaud, the banker and newspaper speculator who died in Paris, and who founded the Petite Journal, which at one time had a daily circulation of nearly half a million copies, was an enthusiastic believer in the advantages of liberal advertising. One day he had at his table nearly all the proprietors of the leading Paris dailies. They conversed about advertising. Millaud asserted that the most worthless articles could be sold in vast quantities, if liberally advertised. Emil de Girardin, of La Presse, who was present, took issue with him on the subject. "What will you bet," exclaimed Millaud, "that I can't sell in one week one hundred thousand francs worth of the most common cabbage seed under the pretext that it will produce mammoth cabbage heads? All I have to do is to advertise it at once in a whole page insertion in the daily papers of this city." Girardin replied that he would give him a page in his paper for nothing if he should win his wager. The other newspaper publishers agreed to do the same thing. At the expiration of the week they inquired of Millaud how the cabbage seed had flourished. He showed them that he had sold nearly twice as much as he had promised, while orders were still pouring in; but he said the joke must stop there; and no further orders would be filled.

ARTIFICIAL MILK has been prepared by a French chemist from sugar, dried whites of eggs, carbonate of soda, olive oil, and by substituting gelatine for the whites of eggs, and with less admixture of water, cream is obtained. Another chemist, Gaudin, in discussing the preceding suggestion, gives his testimony as to the depriving fats of all unpleasant odor by mere subjection to an appropriate temperature. He also states that very good artificial milk can be prepared from bones rich in fat, by purifying this fat by means of superheated steam; and combining the fat thus obtained with gelatine. This milk is, he says, almost like that of a cow; and, when kept, acquires first the odor of sour milk, then that of cheese. The gelatine in it represents the caseine, the fat, the butter, the sugar, the sugar of milk. It serves for the preparation of coffee and chocolate, of soups, and creams of excellent flavor, and its cost is but trifling.

"LEAP YEAR."—Eighteen hundred and seventy-two is leap year, and for the benefit of all maidens, and especially for those of an "uncertain age," we publish the following old Saxon law, which, we believe, has never been repealed:

"Albeit as often as leappe yearre dothe occurre, the woman holdeth prerogative over the manne in matter of courtshippe, love and matrimonie; so that when the ladys proposeth it shall not be lawful for the manne to say her nae, but shall entertain her proposal in all gude courtesie."

—The new method of cutting glass, by means of a jet of sand and steam, bids fair to be susceptible of many remarkable applications. It is now found that beautiful figures may be wrought upon the surface of the glass with the greatest facility, and at an expense far below the ordinary mode of grinding. It will probably revolutionize the whole matter of ornamentation in the manufacture of glassware.